The Nation

VOL. LXXVIII—NO. 2018. THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Nassau Club 1908 29 Feb 04

NOTABLE BOOKS ISSUED IN FEBRUARY

By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Solitary Summer," "The Benefactress," etc., etc. Published February 13. Second Edition. Cloth, $1.50.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen

"'Elizabeth in Rügen' is well worth the time it takes to read it. Its optimism, its wholesome outlook, its bubbling merriment, its frank joy of living—all are so genuine. It constantly provokes laughter, not by verbal tricks, but by humorous turns of thought."—*The Record-Herald, Chicago.*

"It says a great deal for the genuineness of her humor, the wholesomeness of her feminine philosophy, that this book has for the reader a charm as great as had that in which she first wandered vivaciously into print."
—*The New York Tribune.*

Mr. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY'S

new novel

A Little Traitor to the South

is a "war-time comedy with a tragic interlude," of the days when an attempt to torpedo a warship needed vastly more courage than in these days of modern submarines.
Illustrated in colors by A. D. Rühn, with decorations by C. E. Hooper. Cloth, 12mo, $1.50.

Mrs. SARA ANDREW SHAFER'S

new novel

The Day Before Yesterday

It is a restful, irresistibly amusing story of child life, with a quiet, happy charm that suggests the fragrance of apple blossoms. It should be saved for a quiet hour when one is in the mood for its subtle understanding, wistful reminiscence, the delicate humor, and still more delicate pathos of its comprehension of the child's point of view. *Cloth, 12mo, $1.50*

Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS'

new novel

The American Prisoner

A ROMANCE OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

"Intensely readable . . . perfectly admirable in its elemental humor and racy turns of speech."—*The Spectator* (London).
Third Edition in press. Illustrated, Cloth, 12mo, $1.50.

Dr. JOHN WILLIAMS STREETER'S

novel out-door book

The Fat of the Land

tells with practical exactness the facts of how in four years he made a run-down farm into a beautiful home and a paying investment.
"It is wonderfully attractive . . . and withal as practical and full of common sense as a balance sheet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*
Cloth, 12mo, $1.50 net. (*Postage, 13c. extra.*)

Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S

new novel, recently dramatized,

Merely Mary Ann

"is good, deliciously, satisfyingly good," says *Everybody's Magazine;* "to miss it is to miss one of the really worth while books of the year and lose a genuine treat in the reading."
Paper, illustrated with scenes from the play, 50 cents.

Mr. JACK LONDON'S

latest book in a cheaper edition

The People of the Abyss

"The underworld of London has been pictured many times before . . . But Mr. London alone has made it real and present to us."—*Independent.*
New Edition, cloth, $1.50 net. (*Postage, 20c.*)

By LEWIS O. BRASTOW, D.D.

Professor of Practical Theology, Yale University.

Representative Modern Preachers

Cloth, crown 8vo, $1.50 net. (*Postage 13c.*)

Careful and critical estimates of different preachers who have been leaders of various schools of preaching during the last century, including such men as Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell and Phillips Brooks.

By PAUL H. HANUS

Professor of the History and Art of Teaching, Harvard University.

A Modern School

A book for the general reader interested, as every one must be, in the results of modern education, as well as for the teacher whose direct professional interest is in its methods.
Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net.

On NET books ordered from the publishers, carriage is uniformly an extra charge.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, 66 Fifth Ave., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Politics, Literature, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 159

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Hedging Strenuosity 162
Torpedoes in the Eastern War 162
Chamberlain's Hold on the Midlands 163
Regulation of Public Advertising 163
The Crime of Being a College President ... 164

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

The Psychology of Militant Japan 165
The Whistlers in Edinburgh 166
The Whistler Memorial Exhibition 167

CORRESPONDENCE:

Notice of War 169
Words of Commendation 170
Mr. Choate in Error 170
The Spelling of "Alleghenies" 170

NOTES 170

BOOK REVIEWS:

Nero in Whitewash 174
Humanism 175
William Makepeace Thackeray 176
Russian Orthodox Missions 177
English Literature 177
The Man Roosevelt 178
International Exchange 178
The Nile Quest 178

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 179

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Canada; to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $4.00.

The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for a remittance. No other receipt is sent unless requested.

Remittances at the risk of the subscriber, unless made by registered letter, or by check, express order or Postal Order payable to "Publisher of the Nation."

When a change of address is desired, both the old and new addresses should be given.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York. Publication Office, 208 Broadway.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Fifteen cents per agate line, each insertion; 14 lines to the inch.

Twenty per cent. advance for choice of page or top of column.

A column, $80 each insertion; with choice of page, $24.

A page, $60 each insertion; front cover page, $80.

Advertisements must be acceptable in every respect.

Copy received until Tuesday, 5 P. M.

The NATION is sent free to those who advertise in it as long as advertisement continues.

*** Copies of the NATION may be procured in Paris at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera; in London of B. F. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, and in The Hague of Martinus Nijhoff, 18 Nobel Stradt.

The **Astor Edition of Poets**

is the best for schools and colleges. 89 vols. List price, 60c. per vol. (price to schools, 40c.).

SEND FOR LIST.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

Educational.

MARYLAND, Baltimore, 122 and 124 W. Franklin St.
EDGEWORTH BOARDING and Day School for Girls.
MRS. A. P. LEFEBVRE, MISS E. D. HUNTLEY, } Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY Law School.
New features. Address the Dean.
M. M. BIGELOW.

OREGON, Portland, Park and St. Clair Streets.
ST. HELEN'S HALL. A School for Girls. Miss ELEANOR TEBBETTS, Ph.D., Prin.

MISS ANABLE'S Boarding and Day School for Girls. Established in 1848. Circular on application, 1350 Pine St., Philadelphia.

SCHOOL OF THE MUSEUM of FINE ARTS BOSTON, MASS.

INSTRUCTORS.
E. C. Tarbell, F. W. Benson, Philip Hale, } Drawing and Painting
B. L. Pratt, Modeling.
E. W. Emerson, Anatomy.
A. K. Cross, Perspective.
DEPT. OF DESIGN.
C. Howard Walker, Director

28th Year.

SCHOLARSHIPS.
Paige Foreign Scholarship for Men and Women.
Helen Hamblen Scholarship.
Ten Free Scholarships.
Prizes in money awarded in each department
For circulars and terms address the Manager,
Emily Danforth Norcross

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
THE LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL
offers four year courses of study leading to the degree of S.B. in Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering, Mining and Metallurgy, Architecture, Landscape Architecture, Forestry, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Anatomy and Hygiene (preparation for medical schools), Science for Teachers, and a course in General Science. Students are admitted to regular standing by examination and by transfer from other Schools or Colleges. Approved Special Students may be admitted without examination. The Catalogue will be sent on application to the *Secretary*, J. L. LOVE, 16 University Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
N. S. SHALER, *Dean.*

DIVINITY SCHOOL HARVARD UNIVERSITY

For the year 1904-05, two Resident (Williams) Fellowships of $400 each are offered to graduates of Theological Schools who intend to devote themselves to the Christian Ministry. These Fellowships are designed to encourage advanced theological work of a high order. Applications accompanied by testimonials and specimens of work must be made *before April 1st, 1904*, on special Blanks to be obtained of ROBERT S. MORISON, Secretary of the Faculty, Cambridge, Mass.

UNIVERSITY OF DIJON, FRANCE. —French Courses for Foreigners. Four months (July 1-October 31). Special training in pronunciation and conversation. Reading of the best authors. Courses of philology, literature, and history by University professors. Lectures by barristers, doctors, engineers. Pleasant residence in the capital of Burgundy. Moderate cost. For circular, address the Secretary, Mr. C. CESTRE (A. M. Harvard), 7, rue Le Nôtre.

ROCK RIDGE HALL
A School for Boys. High and dry location. Laboratories. A new gymnasium, Shop for Mechanic Arts, Scholarships. A vigorous school life. American Ideals. Descriptive pamphlet, with full page illustrat'ns, sent free on request.
Dr. G. R. WHITE, Principal, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

GINN & COMPANY, Boston
IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

	List price.
Allen and Greenough's New Latin Grammar	$1.20
Hale and Buck's Latin Grammar	1.00
Irving's Life of Goldsmith—Gaston. (Standard English Classics Series)	.40
Conn's Bacteria Yeasts and Molds in the Home	1.00
Van Dyke's Poems of Tennyson	.90
Von Mach's Greek Sculpture	4.50

Books on Scientific Socialism. Catalogue free CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

TWO TIMELY BOOKS

The Story of Japan $0.65
The Story of China $0.60
By R. VAN BERGEN

Apropos of the Russo-Japanese War, books upon the countries of the Far East involved in the conflict now raging possess particular interest for all readers. There are no better books on Japan and China than these. Written by a resident in these countries, they are profusely illustrated from photographs, and give in attractive form a good knowledge of past history and present conditions in the two Empires of the East. From these volumes can be gained an intelligent appreciation of the situation.

If your bookseller cannot supply them, they will be sent direct by the publishers to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
100 Washington Square, New York.

The Writings and Speeches OF DANIEL WEBSTER
NATIONAL EDITION
In 18 Handsome Octavo Volumes

The only complete works of this great American statesman.
The set embraces more than five hundred and fifty addresses and speeches, miscellaneous and diplomatic papers, legal arguments, etc., and nearly eighteen hundred letters, including over 2,500 pages of matter hitherto uncollected.
The National Edition of Webster's Works is superbly illustrated with more than one hundred photogravure plates; also several facsimiles from original manuscripts.
The edition is limited and sold only in sets by subscription.

For descriptive pamphlet and special terms of payment, address the publishers

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., P.O. Box 2168 **BOSTON**

American Connoisseur
MONTHLY ART MAGAZINE DE LUXE
Devoted to
Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Music and Drama.

Write to-day for particulars as to free subscription offer.
AMERICAN CONNOISSEUR,
481 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.
District Managers wanted in every city.

Send for our FREE **"Test in Pronunciation."**
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Pubs., Springfield, Mass.

School Agencies.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES.
EVERETT O. FISK & Co., Proprietors.
4 Ashburton Place, Boston; 1505 Pa. Ave., Washington; 156 Fifth Ave., New York; 414 Cent. Bldg., Minneapolis; 533 Cooper Bldg., Denver; 80 Third St., Portland; 203 Mich. Blvd., Chicago; 525 Stimson Block, Los Angeles; Hyde Block, Spokane, 420 Parrot Bldg., San Francisco.

ALBANY TEACHERS' AGENCY.
81 Chapel St., Albany, N. Y.—Provides schools of all grades with competent teachers. Assists teachers in obtaining positions.
HARLAN P. FRENCH, Proprietor.

SCHERMERHORN Teachers' Agency.
Teachers—Schools—Tutors—Governess—Property. Tel. 6129 18th. JOHN C. ROCKWELL, Mgr., 3 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.

An Agency is valuable in proportion to its influence. If it merely hears of vacancies and tells you about them **that** is something, but if it is asked to recommend a teacher and recommends you, that is more. Ours **Recommends**
C. W. BARDEEN, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.

The Week.

Have we an Administration shaken in the wind? On Wednesday week there was official announcement that a regiment was to be sent to the Isthmus. That looked splendidly prompt and vigorous. No nonsense; having seized the property, we were to enter at once into possession, and let daylight through any one who objected. But on Friday the news came that so many influential Republicans had gone to the President and warned him against dispatching troops to Panama that he had recalled his orders. Why all this vacillation and timidity? Have the Republican leaders suddenly become a lot of hysterical old ladies that they should thus beg their President not to go hunting for trouble? It looks like a studied effort to put Mr. Roosevelt under bonds to keep the peace during the Presidential campaign at least. That is not a bad thing in itself and as long as it lasts; but how, then, is the popular heart to be fired by the thunder of the captains, and thousands of votes won by parading bands of "Teddy's Terrors"?

It passes us why they should still be talking at Washington of a cloud on our Panama title. The legal question is, to be sure, before the French courts, but, if they do not decide in our favor, it would clearly be another "hold-up." That, of course, the President would endure from no man, be he tiny Don or hulking Mounseer. If France were to block our little game, we should at once set up an independent republic in Savoy, which never did honestly belong to France, anyhow. Furthermore, Secretary Hay would promptly write a note to M. Delcassé ventilating again his pretty doctrine of "inchoate rights." We do not see, therefore, that there is any cause for alarm. Our Panama precedents will give us ample warrant to cheat, oppress, and browbeat in any quarter of the earth where there is anything we want.

In burking the Isle of Pines treaty, the Senate has been about small business. It will be recalled that the Platt amendment left the status of this island contiguous to Cuba to be settled by special treaty. The discovery had been made that it was a pleasant land, containing marble, mineral springs, and abundant timber and fruit. Certain Americans had taken up large land holdings, on the theory that the doubt expressed in the Cuban act meant that the Isle of Pines was to be annexed to the United States Of course, these investors took merely a speculative chance, for the State Department, to its credit be it said, has never countenanced the idea of annexation. In fact, it would be as absurd to put the Isle of Pines out of Cuban jurisdiction as it would be to cede, say, Block Island to a foreign Power. But the American pioneers have had good friends in the Senate. Mr. Penrose of Pennsylvania has quietly had their interests in charge, and the expiry of the treaty under the time limit is largely due to him. The spirit of such an action is more disgusting than the action itself. The Senate does itself only discredit in qualifying its general policy of generosity to Cuba by tardiness at this point. It is like giving an immense quitclaim and then insisting that the beneficiary pay the postage. Of course, Secretary Hay will extend the treaty and give the Senate another chance to mend its diplomatic manners.

The Hague Tribunal has granted the blockading Powers—Germany, England, and Italy—exclusive rights to the 30 per cent. of Venezuelan customs set aside by the peace protocols of February, 1903. At first blush the decision is a disappointment. It seems to encourage the collection of debts by squadrons. It gives the three Powers that blustered in the Caribbean a privileged position, while it makes the Powers with claims as good wait till the quarrelsome creditors are paid. But these considerations should not be unduly urged; for, first, it is a good thing to have so ticklish a matter settled on any terms; and, second, the Hague Tribunal has evidently given a decision not in equity, but in law. By the protocols of February 13, and in spite of Minister Bowen's persistent efforts to the contrary, 30 per cent. of the customs collected at Puerto Cabello and La Guaira was appropriated not to the creditor nations as a whole, but to the blockading allies. The final May protocols made no change in the situation. Accordingly, the Hague Tribunal, acting as a court of law, merely passed on the existence and validity of this contract, not on its equity. It is unfortunate, we believe, that the case could not have been decided on its equity. In that case, we might have expected a very different outcome, and we certainly should have had a judgment on the general morality and expediency of the blockade. There is a lesson in the partial success of the present award: cases should, by common consent, come as wholes before the Hague Tribunal, so that its equity jurisdiction may have unhampered exercise.

The conviction of four of the postal thieves at Wasington on Friday is none the less gratifying because it is somewhat surprising. The attitude of the prosecuting attorney, Holmes Conrad, seemed to foreshadow the acquittal of Samuel B. Groff, but he falls with the other three conspirators. The trial was long and subbornly contested. This particular group of plunderers was headed by August W. Machen, a ringleader in the frauds; they joined in procuring the best counsel to be had; and yet, in spite of all, they are pronounced guilty. The verdict will indubitably help President Roosevelt politically, for, had these rascals escaped, the Democrats would have redoubled their cries that the big fish were breaking through the net. The sucessful outcome of the trial will, of course, strengthen the hands of the prosecution and encourage the hope that George W. Beavers, State Senator George E. Green, and the other chief offenders are not to escape the law.

Teaching history by promoting expositions is a royal road, but expensive. Is it worth $9,600,000 to the Government to have the youth of the country taught the date and details of the Louisiana Purchase? This question has already been settled to the satisfaction of the St. Louis managers, and it seems probable that Oregon will also get some hundreds of thousands of dollars from the general treasury to help impress upon the country next year the fact that a century has passed since Lewis and Clark crossed the Rocky Mountains. Afterwards will come the projected Jamestown Expostion in Virginia and the proposed tri-centenary jubilation over the discovery of the Hudson River. The Buffalo Fair, when the United States was called upon to settle bills amounting to half a million dollars, and the deficit of the Charleston Cotton Exposition are recent enough to suggest that the exposition habit is growing alarmingly. Yet Congress apparently finds it impossible to draw the line, and prefers good-naturedly to stand and deliver. It is just possible that a cheaper way to teach American history might be found; and the Old South historical leaflets could enter the bidding for funds.

Courts always avoid jurisdiction when possible, and it may be that the Supreme Court's refusal, on Tuesday week, to interfere with negro disfranchisement in Alabama was based upon a technicality which might be removed in a later case. Yet only slight hopes can, apparently, now be entertained of judicial relief. The court admitted "the gravity of the statements of the complainant, charging violation of a Consti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tutional amendment which is a part of the supreme law of the land," but professed itself powerless to grant a remedy—at least, in the case presented. If this attitude of the Court is persisted in—that is, if the Supreme Court cannot expound and apply the supreme law of the land—the only effective resort is to that "political action" to which the opinion of the court refers, as it did in the previous decision in Giles vs. Harris. The injustice is admitted. That discrimination against negro voters exists in Alabama which is illegal even under the State law, is not denied. This cannot go on without leading to the most serious results. If a nation cannot be half free and half slave, neither can it be half a democracy and half an oligarchy.

Maryland Democrats, under Gorman's leadership, are determined to disfranchise every negro in that State, according to dispatches from Annapolis. They have not only adopted in caucus the more stringent of the two proposed amendments to the Constitution, but have made such changes in it as will leave the decision of a citizen's right to vote almost entirely in the hands of a board of partisan registers. Considerable doubt, it is reported, was felt as to the wisdom of that provision which gives no right of appeal, for this is retained even in the sweeping laws of States further South. But in Maryland there has been no disguising the fact that the movement is against the negro as a negro. It is not possible to pretend that he is in a majority, or that white supremacy at the polls is endangered. It is simply a scheme of the Democrats to assure to themselves the control of the State. Not content with this, the Maryland Legislature is now favorably considering two Jim-Crow bills, one of which applies to the entire State and the other merely to the "black-belt" counties. One of their novel features is that there is to be a division of the races on steamers as well as on railroad trains. Any violation of this law will subject the steamboat officials to a fine of not less than $25 and not more than $50 for each offence. All this is sad enough reading for those who believe in equality before the law; but what disturbs and discourages intelligent negroes most of all is the steady refusal of a Republican Supreme Court to take cognizance of the violations of the Federal Constitution in the matter of the suffrage.

Gov. Vardaman of Mississippi would not have the negro educated, but does not want to see him lynched, either. The Governor's energetic and successful efforts on Sunday to rescue with his own hands a negro murderer from the hands of a raging mob are worthy of the highest praise. They will do much to hearten others in resisting this form of savagery. We can well believe that Gov. Vardaman was spurred on to uphold the law, in this case, by the horror of a fiendish lynching which occurred in Mississippi only a few days before. The details, as given in the Vicksburg *Evening Post*, are almost unprintable for atrocity. If they be credible, white men were guilty of revolting torture, upon the persons of a colored man and his wife, which leaves the stories of Indian or Chinese ingenuity in torment far in the rear for devilish cruelty. If this thing cannot be stopped, the whole civilization of the South will fall into the pit.

Mr. Booker Washington has felt compelled to speak out against the renewals of this race barbarism. He writes to a Birmingham paper to point out that the recent burnings and torturings of negroes have been for crimes "not even remotely connected with the abuse of a white woman." That is, the old excuse is more and more proving to be hollow, and what we are seeing is a blood-mania driving people frantic at the sight of black men charged with any offence whatever, or even suspected of it. Where are these inhuman practices leading us? Plainly, as Mr. Washington says, to the destruction of white and black alike. Nor can it be denied that, as he maintains, the barbarous tortures inflicted upon negroes are "more disgraceful and degrading to the people who inflict the punishment than to those who receive it." The latter are, too often, men who have never been lifted above brute passion; but their tormentors have been instructed, have generations of ordered liberty behind them, yet cast every semblance of civilized beings away to join in bloody deeds that would disgrace a red Indian. This is what cuts thinking and humane men to the heart. They see their fellow-citizens in the South, under the horrible delusion that they are defending a superior civilization, really pulling down the whole fabric of our government, and leaving the world aghast at the spectacle of their inhumanity.

At last one Democratic newspaper in Kentucky has had the courage to speak out against the bill to kill Berea College. The Lexington *Herald*, edited by Desha Breckinridge, although not in favor of the co-education of the races on the sacred soil of Kentucky, still contends that, before the Legislature acts, "it ought to send a calm, able, unprejudiced committee to Berea and have a fair, full, just, impartial investigation and examination." The *Herald* then points out that excellent work has been done by Berea, and that its diplomas have always been received as evidence of competency to teach. "Many thousands of dollars," it continues, "have been invested on the faith of the charter and amendments granted by Kentucky and on the higher faith of the justice and charity of her people." The silence of the Kentucky authorities in regard to these gifts, if not their approval of them, the *Herald* believes, "ratified the conduct and maintenance of that institution on the recognized basis of the co-education of the races and the sexes." In conclusion, it asks whether it is "now fair to suddenly and without any real new cause attempt its destruction." The Grayson, Ky., *Tribune*, a Republican paper, is much more outspoken. It declares that the real object "is not so much to destroy the school as it is to bolster up 'the negro domination scarecrow' crowd and make a few votes." Fortunately, the constitutionality of the bill is seriously questioned, and it is likely to meet with greater opposition in the Senate.

Mayor McClellan's approval of the resolution of his Tammany Civil Service Board exempting from the civil-service rules some fifty-three deputy tax commissioners comes as a blow in the face to all who saw in him a second Abram S. Hewitt. Up to this time, those opposed to his election, both in and out of the press, have credited him with a desire to give New York an enlightened government. His sincere efforts to prevent a return of the "red-light" conditions, and to suppress gambling, have been handsomely praised by the newspapers most antagonistic to his candidacy. As a whole, the first two months of his administration have done him great credit. But that is now marred by his approval of an act which has no other motive than to provide more jobs for Tammany's place-hunters. Said Senator Plunkitt recently in a characteristic outburst to an *Evening Post* reporter: "We didn't go in for humbug civil service and all that rot. Tammany is for the spoils system, and when we go in we are goin' to fire every anti-Tammany man from office that can be fired under the law. It's an elastic sort of law, and you bet it will be stretched to the limit." Plainly, the Senator has unusual powers of prophecy, combined with very accurate inside knowledge.

The full report of the New York Commission on the Law's Delays is now for the first time available. It reveals a truly lamentable situation. The judicial statistics which are gathered prove that "the New York Trial Term of the Supreme Court is about three years behindhand." What does that mean? Of course, that thousands of our citizens have to suffer injustice without possible redress. This is especially the fact in mercantile cases. As Mr. Justice Gaynor said in his testimony before the Commission: "A commercial cause cannot live more than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three months; in three years it is as dead as a door nail. It has got to be tried speedily or it never will be tried." Yet this is the great city built up by commerce! In it, as things are to-day, a merchant may not be able to collect a promissory note in five years' time. In Brooklyn the courts are some two years behind; but the denial of justice is nearly as great as in this county. Only contrast this with the state of the case in other large American cities. In Philadelphia a new issue may be reached within six months. A jury case in Chicago may be reached in nine months, and an equity case in three. Baltimore enables a litigant to have his day in court within three to four months, and St. Louis within two to four. It is only in wide-awake and progressive New York that he has to wait three years!

No part of the Commission's report is more important—more truly startling—than its description, fortified by official figures, of the great cost of the existing referee system, and especially of condemnation proceedings. Besides heaping delay upon delay, they pile up expense mountain high. From the Comptroller's report it appears that the city of New York has paid $2,567,373 for real property acquired in the Croton watershed within the past ten years, and paid for the cost of condemnation $1,311,089—that is, 51 per cent. of the total award! This is more than huge extravagance; it is a public scandal. Behind it lies a system of political favoritism, under which fees as high as $40,000 are paid to individual commissioners, really for extending over years work that should be dispatched in a few weeks. To cut up by the roots such unparallelled wastefulness, it is proposed that all condemnation proceedings shall be turned over to the Supreme Court Commissioners named in one of the bills before the Legislature. It is to be their function also to hear all references, to try special cases without a jury by consent of both parties, and to act as English Mastery in Chancery in passing upon all the preliminaries of a case—sham defences, etc.—so as to bring a clear issue quickly to trial. The salaries of twenty of them at $10,000 a year would be but a trifle compared with the enormous sums now paid to referees and condemnation commissioners; while such a body would undoubtedly do much to remove our open reproach.

In appointing Mr. Ismay president of the International Mercantile Marine, or Shipping Trust, the directors have acted wisely. It may not be wholly palatable to those who defended this extravagant combination on the ground of patriotism, that the executive management should be transferred from an American to an Englishman; but the truth is now pretty well recognized that the theory of American control of the ocean through the Stock Exchange was mostly a dream of the stock-inflation period. The official title of the combination fairly states its character; the fleets controlled are international, as they were before the change in ownership, not only because of the ports between which they journey, but by virtue of the flags they fly, the governments to which they owe allegiance, and the crews and officers that man them. There are, in short, both English lines and American lines combined under the auspices of the Mercantile Marine, and it is obviously common sense to pick out for its management the best talent available. Aside from this international aspect of the matter, the selection of the successful head of the subsidiary White Star Line is a fresh illustration of the manner in which the logic of events has defeated the logic of the so-called new finance. It is not so very long since financial markets soberly affirmed that the mere fact of consolidation, on an enormous scale, was enough to ensure industrial success. Experience—a dear school, as usual—has since then been teaching very rapidly that the old commercial virtues which carried to success the enterprises absorbed into the Trusts and holding companies, are equally essential, if indeed not more so, to the management of the combination. The Steel Corporation had to learn this lesson, and it is hardly to be supposed that other creations of the "consolidation era" can continue blind to it.

The recurring Japanese attacks upon the Russian fleet at Port Arthur are plainly in the aim of keeping it in a constant state of alarm and anxiety. A really serious attempt upon it does not seem to have been made since the first one. Brief bombardments lasting fifteen minutes are in no sense anything more than reconnoissances in force. Apparently, there have been three successive appearances of the Japanese in the early morning hours, when the vitality of the besieged is at its lowest. And besieged the Russian fleet is. Any attempt on its part to make for the open sea would quickly demonstrate that the Russian "victories" of which St. Petersburg hears so much are due to the withdrawal of the Japanese after accomplishing their purpose. The latter have effectively "bottled-up" the Russians, even though their attempt to block the channel failed. It is altogether likely, too, that these frequent demonstrations mask the movements of troops and transports. The Japanese army has now been on the move for two weeks. Ten days hence something of its plans and progress should be revealed. Whether its objective is Vladivostok, Harbin, or Port Arthur, it is probable that the movement will display the dash and vigor which have marked all the Japanese military operations since 1895.

By the narrow majority of 51 the Balfour Government escaped censure on the Chinese ordinance for the Transvaal. Here are the conditions of the act: The Chinese laborer indentures himself for three years, at the end of which time he is to be returned to China; during that term he is bound to serve "the master who imports him, or such master to whom the first shall legally assign his rights." The contract laborer is bound to live in established compounds, which he may not leave without special permit "signed by a person authorized by his importer," nor in any case shall such liberty exceed forty-eight hours. Furthermore, any Chinese laborer caught out of his compound is subject to summary arrest, and any one who aids him to escape is subject to punishment. Finally, the contract laborer may not engage in trade, lease land, or do other work than such as his importer or assignee requires of him. This contract would not stand a moment in a civilized country, as between civilized persons; the system is simply, on a large scale, that peonage, sporadic cases of which our Federal courts are suppressing in the South; the transportation of these laborers is the notorious coolie trade, in which for forty years no American vessel has engaged except under peril of Federal seizure and forfeiture. It is an act repugnant to civilization, and especially abhorrent to English ideas of personal liberty.

How, then, has the Government dared impose such an ordinance upon the crown colony against the protest of the Boers, led by Botha, against the voice of Sir Gordon Sprigg, Premier of the Cape, without any other approval than that of Lord Milner's private council? Why, simply in obedience to this imperious necessity: the Rand mines must be worked. "The war was in a certain sense a miners' war," said Mr. Chamberlain, addressing an audience of British colliers; and if it was worth while to spend the blood and treasure of the late war for the mines, to sacrifice a little English principle, to introduce a qualified slavery, are now very small matters. For this purpose of working the mines, the Government, as a Liberal member pointedly said, will fill the Rand with "convict settlements, mitigated by the chance of forty-eight hours' tickets of leave." "We must underpin a temporary structure," said the Colonial Secretary. This was his main argument, and beside it descriptions of the beautiful home life in the compounds and professions of good faith in recruiting coolies in the Far East rung painfully hollow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HEDGING STRENUOSITY.

President Roosevelt is just now the most extensively explained man extant. Friend after friend of his rises up to deprecate, to elucidate, to propitiate. He is not the man you think him, they say plaintively. He is the Great Misunderstood. This man who has made publicity the breath of his nostrils, who has written and spoken himself to the dregs, has, it appears, been singularly misjudged by those who have observed him the most closely. Hence the necessity of one confidant and counsellor after another coming forward to enlighten a misled public.

The latest of these is the author of the anonymous pamphlet, 'Mr. Roosevelt and the Presidency,' which is being largely circulated in this city. It is one of those defences which are calculated to make their subjects writhe. The vindication reads so uncommonly like a confession! For example, our pamphleteer writes engagingly of the Panama *coup*, "I confess that I, for one, do not like it. I do not suppose that anybody likes it, *President Roosevelt least of all.*" Call you this defending your friends? Then there is such wholesale recognition of distrust of the President, of opposition to him on the part of "scores of the most powerful men in this town." People will seize upon the indiscreet admission, and will forget the lumbering argument that we ought, after all, to "stop the drift of our opinions and feelings towards opposition to him." All these excuses by a friendly hand read amazingly like accusations.

In one sentence the author of this placatory pamphlet puts his finger on the raw. It is where he says that Mr. Roosevelt's "doctrine of the strenuous life is distinctly tiresome." The country is widely echoing the sentiment. People cannot live in a perpetual hurrah. We do not wish to be always "making things hum"; we long for a little time to think things over. It is very obviously the case that the nation has wearied of the President's strenuosity. At first we cheered it, then we smiled at it, finally we are all bored by it. Man shall not live by bounce alone.

Politically, the President's situation at present is not unlike Mr. Blaine's after his nomination in 1884. He had been the great exponent of the brilliant and the aggressive in politics. Especially in foreign relations had it been asserted by his admirers that he would display a bold initiative. He would "make them kings stand round," and fill all Americans with a delirium of joy at the sight of their flag at last respected abroad. But while this reputation did very well as a means of securing the nomination, it was found to be rather a discourager than a compeller of votes. Accordingly, we had throughout that campaign old and trusty friends of Mr. Blaine rising to explain that he was really one of the most cautious and conservative of men, and that, once in the Presidency, he would be a sucking dove.

The same sort of hedging is now going on visibly in President Roosevelt's case. With his nomination assured, he naturally begins to think of the desirability of getting elected, and the process of conciliating opposition is already under way. It mainly takes the form of protesting against the assumption of overstrenuousness. It is all a mistake, we are gravely assured, to suppose that the President is a hasty man. Do not be deceived by appearances. Why, this Hotspur, as you think him, is really a very Cavour for patience and slowly matured plans. It grieves him to have people think that because he has been rash in Panama he will also be rash in San Domingo. Does anybody suppose he dreams of mixing us up in the war in the Orient? Why, it is absurd—especially (as it was hinted in the Senate) since he has found out that his first notion of "showing a strong front" to Russia caused so much alarm.

Two difficulties confront the President's apologists. One is that they are in danger of making his boasted strenuousness of the past only a joke or all a sham; the other, that people will scarcely know what there is left in Mr. Roosevelt if all the qualities they have thought they saw in him are solemnly disowned. The truth is, that the President is embarrassed by his own success; his own acts are the shadows that cling to him still. He is not simply a candidate: he is a man in office, a man who has been tried. Why should he change simply after being elected again? There stand those three years of his record; if you admit that there is much in them to shake confidence, what warrant have you for denying that there will be still more in the next four? That is the great obstacle which the explainers and the soothers have to get over. And, besides, they have to create a satisfactory new Roosevelt in the room of the one they would obliterate. In the seventeenth century King Charles I. propounded an oath requiring acceptance of the government of the Church of England as laid down by "Archbishops, Bishops, Archdeacons, *et cetera.*" But the people complained that they did not know what the *et cetera* covered. Similarly, Mr. Roosevelt's character has been impressed upon his countrymen as made up of Boldness, Impetuosity, Strenuosity, *et cetera.* But his apologists are now taking away all except the *et cetera.*

TORPEDOES IN THE EASTERN WAR.

The Japanese successes at Port Arthur are still too vaguely known to permit experts to reach any sound conclusions as to their effect upon the naval warfare of the future. Nevertheless, they already have given an impetus to the construction of torpedo boats of the surface and sub-surface types. In Washington there is reported to be a "general feeling" among naval officers that our own torpedo fleet should be enlarged. What is more significant is the action of the Navy Department in drawing plans for submerged torpedo-tubes in the battleships of the *Virginia* class now building. The omission of this form of armament from these ships called forth energetic protests several months ago from naval officers familiar with the torpedo service.

No officers who have given the subject much attention believe that torpedoes have reached the limit of their development. After hesitating for some years, the British Admiralty finally followed France's example and built a half-dozen submarines, rather in deference to public sentiment than for any other reason. But its experiments with Holland boats have now led it to enter upon a very extensive building programme. Just how many it will add to the nineteen it now possesses has not been revealed. It is significant, however, that it leans rather to the submersible type of boat than to the pure submarine, and it is known that its new craft are no longer to be solely for purposes of defence. In the opinion of the Admiralty, the time has come for the development of the offensive boat capable of leaving harbors and searching for the enemy in his own ports. It is a shrewd guess that its decision was hastened by the French efforts along offensive lines, that nation having recently laid down two 400-ton boats, double the size of any now in existence. Had the Japanese been in possession of some of these craft, they would have been capable of making effective use of them because of the comparative nearness of Port Arthur and other harbors to their own bases.

Failing them, the Japanese were forced to rely upon their surface boats, which they handled so effectively in the war with China. Whether their success was due to their own aggressiveness, their well-known contempt for death, to Russian slackness, or to favorable weather conditions remains to be seen. According to the dispatches, a second torpedo attack in a blinding snowstorm was less fortunate than the dash of February 9. In general, it has been laid down that moderately bad weather favors the attacking force. On the other hand, experiments at Newport have shown that it is more difficult for a battleship to "pick up" torpedo boats with their searchlights on moon-lit than on dark nights. The searchlight remains the chief defence of ships lying at anchor or under way. With the abandonment by the English of the crinoline-like torpedo netting and heavy booms, the only protection from torpedo boats is the strength of hull, the watchfulness of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crew, the searchlight, and the rapid-fire gun. When squadrons are under way, an additional safeguard is afforded by the presence of torpedo-boat destroyers upon the flanks of each ship. Naval officers freely admit that these "remedies" are inadequate, and that well-handled torpedo boats attacking in force a fleet at sea would be altogether likely to reach their prey.

It is in regard to the question of defence, therefore, that official information about the Japanese achievements will be eagerly awaited. If it is now or subsequently proved that there is practically no safety for a fleet at anchor which has not a swarm of small warcraft about, the value of the cumbersome battleship will be largely decreased. Upon the extent of the damage to hulls and the power of the torpedoes will depend any attempt of naval constructors to strengthen ships against explosions. So far as can be read from the dispatches, none of the Russian ships went down at once, and most of those struck were kept afloat until they could be beached. Our own wooden vessels of the civil war generally went to the bottom like stones when damaged by mines or torpedoes. On February 5, 1895, after two unsuccessful attacks upon the Chinese by sixteen Japanese boats, three Chinese ships sank at once and a fourth went down shortly after.

So far as the torpedo is concerned, the weapon of to-day is far more efficient than that of seven years ago. Lieut.-Commander Lloyd H. Chandler of the United States navy, in a recent lecture before the Naval War College, laid great stress upon advances in the construction and use of automobile torpedoes, and expressed his belief in a coming turbine-engine torpedo of at least forty knots' speed for a run of 800 yards. In a joint attack upon a target in Narragansett Bay, Lieut.-Commander Chandler's fleet of seven boats fired fourteen torpedoes at a distance of 800 yards when steaming at from 20 to 23 knots. One torpedo jammed in the tube, the other thirteen struck between the flags on the target. For this greatly increased accuracy the gyroscope is responsible. It "enables the commanding officer of a torpedo vessel to point his ship at the point he desires to hit, and then, by electric firing, to discharge torpedoes from all tubes in the ship simultaneously, in such a way that they will run parallel to the course of the ship." The old trouble of a torpedo's diving or of its being deflected in firing has been done away with. The only task of the commander is to fire at the point where the enemy, if in motion, should be when the torpedo has finished its run.

Lieut.-Commander Chandler, be it noted, protested earnestly against the abandonment of the submerged tubes in the battleships of the *Virginia* class. Still, it is his opinion that the torpedo will not revolutionize naval warfare or lead to the abolition of certain types of ships. If there is to be such a revolution, it must result from the evolution of the submarine vessel. It is not at all likely that trustworthy news from Port Arthur will upset his belief, however much light it may throw upon the ability of torpedo boats to blockade a fleet and nightly terrorize its crew, while their own heavy ships are left free to roam the seas.

CHAMBERLAIN'S HOLD ON THE MIDLANDS.

The bye-election in South Birmingham seems to show that, in his own city, Mr. Chamberlain is as powerful as ever, whatever may be the case elsewhere. Lord Morpeth, who is an uncompromising supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist proposals, and was in January defeated at Gateshead, has been returned for South Birmingham as the successor to the late J. Powell Williams by a vote of 5,299 to 2,233 for his free-trade opponent. Before Home Rule split the Liberal party, all the seven divisions of Birmingham were safe Liberal seats. In 1885, the Liberal majority in the constituency which now returns a protectionist by 3,000, was upwards of 1,700.

It is doubtful whether, in a democratic community with a highly organized party system, the influence of a single man has ever been so strikingly exhibited as has been for the last nineteen years that of Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham and its neighborhood. Until 1885, the Midland metropolis was a centre of aggressive dissenting radicalism. The overwhelming majority of its people were opposed to protection and to the influence of both the landed aristocracy and the Anglican Church. Nowhere was more bad feeling stirred up in the Liberal party by the enactment of Mr. Gladstone's Education Act than in Birmingham and its vicinity. So large was the Radical majority in the three counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire that, in 1885, from their 39 constituencies no less than 31 Liberals were returned to Parliament. In 1886, Mr. Chamberlain and his followers still professed to be Radicals, and to be at one with their Gladstonian colleagues on everything except Home Rule for Ireland. Since that year, however, they have steadily supported the Tory Ministries of the Marquis of Salisbury and of Mr. Balfour. Their leader has himself been a member of a Cabinet which introduced and put through Parliament an Education Act by the side of which Mr. Gladstone's might almost seem to have been drawn by a committee of a dissenting synod.

Instead of all these things, so opposed as they were to all the lifelong prejudices and convictions of the Midland electors, provoking a Liberal reaction, precisely the opposite effect has been produced. The more Tory and reactionary the policy of the Unionist party has become, the stronger it seems to grow in the old-time Radical strongholds of the Midlands. At every general election since 1885, the number of Liberals returned from the three counties above mentioned has diminished, and in 1900 only six were elected where, fifteen years before, thirty-one had been successful. It is easy to understand how Birmingham might in 1886 have voted Unionist as, in 1896, New York city voted Republican. What is puzzling is, that there has been no swing back in the intervening seventeen years. It is as if, after 1896, New York had steadily and enthusiastically supported protection, Federal control of elections, and rigid legislative restriction of the sale of liquor. It is true that in Birmingham the Unionist Liberals have not been, as a rule, called on to vote for old-time Tories for Parliament, but have been given former Liberals as candidates, while the New York Republicans have adopted a much less shrewd policy. Still, the rule, that the Unionist candidates in constituencies with Liberal traditions should be Liberals was generally observed throughout Great Britain.

No such results as those attained in the Midlands followed elsewhere. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's own personality must have had a great deal to do with what has happened where he has been most immediately in control. His home counties appear to stop at nothing for which he asks. Outside of the Midlands, the Liberals have carried every constituency in which they were successful in 1885, and in which there has been a bye-election since Mr. Chamberlain announced his new policy. In addition, they have gained two seats, namely, at Norwich and in the St. Alban's division of Hertfordshire, in which, in 1885, Conservatives were successful. During the same period there have been three bye-elections for Midland seats. In 1885, every one of these returned a Liberal. At the bye-elections the Unionists carried all three. In the outside constituencies there has been at the bye-elections, as compared with 1885, an average Liberal gain of 323 to a seat. In the three Midland constituencies there has been, on the other hand, an average Unionist gain of 2,319.

REGULATION OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson's interesting article, "The Abuses of Public Advertising," in the March *Atlantic*, is virtually a report of the progress of the restrictive movement. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have passed laws en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larging the power of the State and requiring public property to be kept clear of posters. Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, and other cities have limited the size of billboards. San Francisco has prohibited street advertising within the building line. New Hampshire attempts at least to protect her wayside trees against the bill-poster. In New York and New Jersey stringent bills before the Legislature at any rate attest a public interest in the cause. On the other hand, the Associated Bill-Posters of the United States and Canada have become an influential body, and are persistently hostile to all restrictive ordinances, testing them promptly in the courts. Still, all the indications are that the movement is not a fad, but a serious attempt to do away with generally perceived abuses. Mr. Robinson, who is no enemy to advertising *per se*, advises the Bill-Posters' Union to treat with the enemy, lest a worse fate befall.

The fact that advertising is to be restricted, and for æsthetic reasons, might as well be faced by those interested. When Parliament gave the town of Dover special jurisdiction in the matter, and certain monstrous signs on the chalk cliffs were ordered down, there was no pretence that these offending structures were deleterious to the public health or morals. The town authorities simply voted to protect their scenery. Similarly, the Massachusetts law, which the courts have sustained, is not based upon fire risk, sanitation, or any of the grounds usually alleged; but it permits the regulation of advertisements "in or near to or visible from public parks and parkways," simply because that right is "necessary for preserving the objects for which such parks and parkways are established and maintained." This is a clear expression of the principle that advertising is out of place in pleasure-grounds. A natural extension would be the assertion of a like jurisdiction over the immediate surroundings of public buildings and monuments.

We may expect a gradual advance of direct legislation, but Mr. Robinson points out suggestively that indirect means, under the present law, have not been exhausted. The Boston and Albany Railroad, for example, has in many places circumvented the advertisers by planting screening shade trees along its line. On many scenic routes this would be not only perfectly practicable, but excellent business. But the hideous file of "flats" on the Newark meadows could not be reached in this manner. Only restrictive legislation will save those noble stretches of marshland for the pleasure of the public. It is certain, also, that there is greater redress than is supposed in the ordinary law of nuisance. Chicago admits this principle by requiring advertisers in resident blocks to procure the consent of three-quarters of the householders concerned; and since the Massachusetts and English courts have recognized that a nuisance may affect the sense of sight, there is always hope that a suit in damages against offensive advertising would be successful in the courts. For it is certain that a man who advertises, say, "The Whiskey of his Ancestors" in heroic ugliness before your windows, perpetrates only a lesser nuisance than he who establishes a steam piano at your door. But the general easy-goingness stands in the way of this remedy, and probably more is to be expected from public-spirited societies than from individuals.

Merely enforcing the existing laws would do much to mend matters. For example, city ordinance 664 forbids the posting of any medical announcement, whether of physician or remedy; and yet Commissioner Pallas is cheerfully letting out billboards to patent medicines, and a gigantic fisherman with a codfish still remains, from Brooklyn Bridge, the tutelary genius of lower Manhattan. It seems, then, that the Municipal Art Society and similar bodies are doing good service in framing bills and in pointing the eccentricities of benighted public officials. All this keeps the matter in the air, but it is certain also that these societies have a large and promising field in searching the present ordinances and securing their enforcement.

Commissioner Pallas's decision to let out the Public Library fence to bill-posters has brought the whole matter urgently before the city. His predecessor had prevented that use of public property. Now Commissioner Pallas, against the face of many persons whose residences, shops, or offices look out on the Library site, has let the fence out for about one-tenth of its commercial value. All his explanations of this act bear the look of a studied ignorance. As a matter of fact, perfectly explicable and very discreditable reasons for his decision suggest themselves. It is an unpleasing commentary on New York that Pennsylvania absolutely prohibits all advertising on public property, and Boston assumes jurisdiction over all bill-posting within eyeshot of its parks, while we are at the mercy of every ignorant or corruptible commissioner. A certain gratitude is due, however, to Mr. Pallas for giving the young lions of municipal improvement something to sharpen their teeth on.

Even to these, conservatism may be safely commended, for the advertising interests are powerful, and more, perhaps, may be done by educating them than by opposing them. But it is evident that the bill-posters are already on the defensive. This suggests that it is good strategy, first, to clear up outstanding matters before a general advance. It may be that a reconnoisance of the present defences would show that the position of many classes of offenders is so weak that they may be summoned to yield at discretion. We are confident, for example, that the right of traction companies possessing no real estate, but only a right-of-way, to let advertising might profitably be challenged in the courts. Their charters certainly give no such privilege. In London the authorities even stripped the placards from the juggernaut 'busses. There is, in short, pending the great campaign, excellent skirmishing at hand for all champions of advertising reform.

THE CRIME OF BEING A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The shortcomings of college presidents have always been a fruitful theme for discussion; the stern moralists of press and pulpit, burning with zeal for education, have never hesitated to point out the faults of our leaders in learning. Such chastisement the presidents themselves doubtless accept with gratitude, realizing that they are miserable sinners, deserving far more punishment than they get. The more recent indictment against them, in a magazine article, accuses them of cowardice about taking the unpopular side of a public question, of truckling to rich patrons, and of pretending that their young prize-fighters are their best students. In the face of such charges it may seem rash to offer any defence, yet something may be said by the devil's advocate in behalf even of the lowest of God's creatures. The pious mind which can find in every part of the cosmic order, in reptiles and in pestilence, some proof of divine benevolence, may trust that college presidents also shall share in the uncovenanted mercies of God. The wretches may, after all, be living up to their best lights.

The first count against them is cowardice. Some must plead guilty at the outset. Others excuse silence in political crises by urging that the burden of daily duties prevents such a mastery of political questions as would warrant them in posing as leaders and throwing the weight of their official positions on one side or the other. As private persons, they have strong convictions; but they hesitate at a step which in public opinion would commit the university in a partisan contest. To be involved in a political fight may seriously damage an educational institution, impair its usefulness in its legitimate field; and the president may therefore think twice before taking the stump, and yet not be exactly a poltroon. But ignoring the extenuating circumstances, we find that college presidents still compare favorably with the damned who suffer in the next circle above them in the inferno—United States Senators. For unhesitating courage, President Hyde of Bowdoin ranks with Senator Hale or Senator Frye; President Tucker of Dartmouth,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Burnham or Gallinger; Eliot of Harvard and Harris of Amherst, with Hoar and Lodge; Faunce of Brown, with Aldrich or Wetmore; Hadley of Yale, with Platt or Hawley; Butler of Columbia and Schurman of Cornell, with Platt or Depew; Wilson of Princeton, with Dryden or Kean. Indeed, college presidents are not absolutely despicable when set against the most heroic figures in American life—newspaper editors. A detailed comparison here would be easy; but every man can make it for himself, beginning with President Hyde and the editor of the Portland *Argus*, and ending with President Wilson and the Newark *Advertiser*.

The second count is boot-licking for the sake of endowments. But the amount of actual begging which college presidents do is much exaggerated. Some chronic and shameless mendicants there may be, but there are a number of presidents who are neither highwaymen nor toadies. A college president who is reputed to be very successful in raising money lately remarked in private: "There are not half a dozen men to whom I ever said a word suggesting gifts to the university. The corporation has been very anxious to protect its executive from such tasks. The same thing is true of all the older colleges." Men in other callings are forced into much more begging. The average minister has more to do with raising money than the average president ever dreams of. Nearly every pastor in the country faces the financial problem, and has literally to raise his own salary by filling the pews with people who will pay it. More than that, every man who believes in philanthropy is a beggar for some good cause. No one ever condemns the layman who spends and is spent in behalf of our hospitals, settlements, and schools; on the contrary, the efforts of our merchants and bankers to get money from their friends for a noble undertaking are always counted to them for righteousness. People point to the late Gen. S. C. Armstrong, who secured so much for Hampton, as the ideal of a high-souled public benefactor. Booker T. Washington, in his 'Up from Slavery,' testifies that he has "always avoided what the world calls 'begging'." "I think," he says, "that the presentation of facts on a high, dignified plane is all the begging that most rich people care for." He adds that such work has given him an opportunity to meet "the best people in the world." Indubitably, he and the cause of education would have been the losers if he were able to remain shut within the walls of Tuskegee. No, it is not the filthy lucre that contaminates college presidents or other people, but the filthy spirit.

On the last count most of our college presidents can plead not guilty. A few of them may be stunned by the shouting of undergraduates, and a few may imagine that noisy young graduates express the mature views of the alumni; but such misguided men are uncommon. Indeed, our college presidents have, on the whole, offered the sanest and most caustic criticism of athletic excesses. They, if any, are in a position to note the disastrous effects of the craze for intercollegiate games, its inroads upon the true efficiency of a university. When we observe the hysteria of the daily and weekly press on the occasion of a football game between Harvard and Yale, when we listen to the chatter about muscular Christianity in which enthusiastic but short-sighted clergymen indulge, we can always turn to the reports of President Eliot and refresh ourselves with his calm indifference to the shriekings of the mob. He and his fellow-laborers are not yet deserving of utter reprobation.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MILITANT JAPAN.

TOKYO, February 3, 1904.

The delay of Japan to strike her menacing antagonist has caused much surprise in Europe and America. Besides the reasons usually assigned, there are others of great weight. If their import were grasped, the surprise would be vastly greater than it is. Two grounds for prompt action by Japan have been made clear. (1.) The relative strength of Japan, as compared with that of Russia, was at its maximum nearly one year ago. The last increment in the "post-bellum programme" was then added to the navy, while the army and the coast defences were as strong then as they are now. Russia has used the interval vastly to increase her strength on land and sea, while Japan was a quiet witness to the preparations of her antagonist. (2.) Armed conflict with Russia seems sooner or later inevitable. This is a logical inference from the growth, the aggressions, and the mode of procedure of Russia. To Japan, it was as clear a year ago as it is now. Japanese policy since 1896 has almost rested on it as a practical axiom.

Two other motives make a strong undercurrent drawing Japan in the same direction. Uncertainty heaps up economic loss for the nation. The extent of these losses cannot be accurately stated, but they are enormous. They are not measured merely by the disorders created since the critical situation began to develop nearly a year ago. For years, economic progress has had to carry the dead weight of a conscious peril. The ominous shadow of a possible conflict with Russia has, since 1896, and especially since 1900, chilled the ardor of initiative and enterprise in the whole nation—who knows how much? The nation has labored like a husbandman who clears the land and plants his vineyard under an impending avalanche. In the cheerful sunlight of the fertile plain, how much more "heart" would there be in his labor!

But, for nearly a year now, much more is lacking in the national labor than the mere element of cheer. There has been a positive and palpable slackening of the pace. Five years ago, the reaction after the war with China had ended, and a powerful economic momentum had been attained. It was only temporarily retarded by the "Boxer" troubles. Just when the momentum had been regained and every other condition seemed to favor increased impetus, Russia's action took a course opposite to that indicated by her professions and specific promises. The political situation transformed the economic conditions. In industry and trade, sluggishness and stagnation appeared. Of all this, the condition of the money market is a sufficient index. Since 1898, banks had paid 6 per cent. to 7 per cent. on current deposits, and were incessantly embarrassed by lack of funds. For the last year they have been embarrassed by a surfeit of funds. Rates of interest were repeatedly lowered, reaching 2 per cent. to 3 per cent. on current account. Each reduction of interest apparently aggravated, instead of relieving, the conditions. Extensive refunding of debts was effected, but vainly has the press urged the people to use the unprecedentedly cheap funds to open new enterprises and to extend the scale of existing operations. The people have been content to let their funds lie in bank or to buy the better securities and *to wait*. The cause being specific and known, economic loss and suspense are strong motives for immediate action.

Beyond all specific reasons why Japan should have promptly entered the lists against Russia, there is a strong general reason, viz., it was an opportunity at hand to gain a prestige which she covets, and which she believes can be gained only by martial victory over a Western Power. The existence and strength of this motive are best explained by a quotation (written several years ago) from Capt. Brinkley, who is perhaps the best authority among foreigners on such subjects:

> "No one who should tell the Japanese of to-day that the consideration they have won from the West is due solely to their progress in peaceful arts, would find serious listeners. They themselves held that belief as a working incentive twenty years ago, but experience has dissipated it, and they now know that the world never took any respectful notice of them until they showed themselves capable of winning battles. At first they imagined that they might efface the Oriental stigma by living up to civilized standards; but the success they had attained was scarcely perceptible, when suddenly their victorious war with China seemed to win for them more esteem in half a year than their peaceful industry had won for them in half a century. The perception of that fact upset their estimate of the qualifications necessary for a place in 'the foremost files of time,' and had much to do with the desire they henceforth developed for expanded armaments. . . . Japan has risen to the headship of the Far East. Is that the goal of her ambition? One of her favorite sayings is, 'Better be the tail of an ox than the comb of a cock.' She is now the comb of the Oriental cock. That is not enough. She wants to be the tail of the Occidental ox. How is it to be done? Evidently by following the route that has already led her so far. She can not turn back. Her destiny forces her on, and there is no mistaking the signpost set up by her recent experience. She has been taught that fighting capacity is the only sure passport to European esteem, and she has also been told again and again, is still perpetually told, that her victory over China proved nothing about her competence to stand on the lists of the West. She will complete the proof, or try to complete it. Nothing is more certain, nothing more apparent to all who have watched her closely."

Japan is, therefore, among the nations whose civilization she has espoused, like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "new" boy who must "prove his mettle" in order to gain standing in his new circle of associates. But it is not malice that prompts the fight. It is coercive sentiment. While war would be welcome to a great part of the nation, the Government has used every honorable means to preserve the peace.

In the face of such motives promptly to accept repeated challenges from Russia, why has Japan waited? Reasons for the delay have appeared in the foreign press, but over against the preceding facts they hang very light in the scale.

(1.) Cowardice is a reason actually alleged by many Russians. Whether they honestly believed it or not, Russians in the extreme Orient have persistently represented to Chinese and Koreans that Japan feared the colossal might of Russia, and hence meekly swallowed her repeated insults. Thus it is credibly reported that Fu Yu-fen, on his return from Port Arthur in December, told Prince Ching that Viceroy Alexieff and his staff officers had shown Fu the Russian fleet and fortifications; that they represented Japan as being helpless in the face of such preparations. The staff officers plainly said that, when Russia flatly rejected the Japanese demands, the Tokyo Government had humbly requested Russia to reconsider her resolution, and that such facts clearly showed that Japan had not the heart to fight. Russians at Port Arthur and Vladivostok even now hold the Japanese—soldiers and citizens, Government and nation—in absolute contempt. Certain it is that Russia long mistook the temper of Japan. But in no other quarter have Japanese patience and forbearance been construed as cowardice.

(2.) More plausible and more general is the belief that Japan fears, not to fight, but the fatal consequences of war. It is said that she sees little to gain through victory, and national greatness—perhaps even national existence—to lose through defeat. Immediate victory must, because of the colossal pressure and inexhaustible reserve of Russia, be followed by ultimate defeat. Immediate defeat must make national calamity in larger or smaller measure quick and sure. If victory can bring only "Dead Sea" fruits, and defeat must make ruin immediate and certain, would it not be wise to avert the conflict and trust to time, to new combinations, to possible disintegration of the Russian Empire, or to possible regeneration of the Chinese Empire, to deliver Japan from the paws of crushing fate? When threatening clouds lower all around, is it not best to follow reason and instinct alike towards the single ray of light? So Japan is picturesquely represented, and she is pitied for her seemingly relentless, grinding fate. But statesmen do not hang issues so heavy on hopes so slight. Daniel might hope for deliverance by miracle, but nations dare not. Japan has the situation to resolve, and she does not wait for a spontaneous solution.

The controlling motive of Japan is, in fact, regard for foreign favor. Her patience and self-restraint are intended to win the approbation, if not the support, of the outside world. She feels, as any Western Power in her place would feel, the pressure of the world for peace. In this, she has been especially susceptible to the influence of Great Britain and the United States—the former her ally, and the latter her traditional friend. But she has felt, in addition, powerful restraints which no Western Power in her place would feel. Her recent entrance into the comity of nations imposes restraints. Japan feels that, in the eyes of the West, she is still on probation. In the zeal of her youth, she was severely chastened. The coalition of three great Powers to clip her wings was a harsh disillusion, but the lesson was well impressed. She will now employ no means, pursue no course, and seek no end that disinterested nations might condemn. In short, the reasons for her self-effacing policy in connection with the "Boxer" complications now operate with magnified force.

Japan, again, will give no food to feed the Western fear of the "Yellow Peril." She recognizes that the crime of her color is still greater than the crime of her youth. She recognizes the existence in the West of a fear that she may teach the yellow race its power, and then lead it to its revenge. She has even seen a recent minister of the French Cabinet conjuring with this satanic wand; and she knows the sensitive superstition of his audience. She cannot afford to give the least ground to justify those fears. The fact of her having twice within ten years fought against China—once alone, once in coalition with Western Powers—did not remove this worst aspect of the "Oriental stigma." She must not, therefore, hasten too ardently to the seeming defence of a yellow race, not even with the express purpose to defend her own vital interests. Better fight more and harder battles later than suffer greater defeat in hastily winning easy ones. To assure this, however, she dare not strike till her conciliatory spirit, her remarkable forbearance, the very moderation of her demands shall have convinced her friends, if not all other nations, that she fights, not for territory, but for life; not for closing markets from the world, but for keeping them open for the world; not for the yellow race, but for the *human* race.

Japan is in a truly hard position. In her own heart she would desire only peace and space to breathe. Yet these are harshly denied her. She has cast her lot irrevocably with the West; yet among Western Powers she still finds herself in the position of a suspect. They distrust her capacity, and they mistrust her of sinister designs. By a strange irony of fate she is goaded to welcome war with a Western Power in order to prove her capacity. Yet she is restrained from accepting a direct challenge or even resenting bad treatment, because it might seem to justify the suspicion of sinister designs. But delay gives time for all to see the vital truth, viz., that the "Yellow Peril" is at most a remote contingency, a mere spectre, to escape which it would be folly to seek refuge under the approaching Russian avalanche.

E. H. VICKERS.

THE WHISTLERS IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON, February 17, 1904.

Edinburgh has been more prompt than Boston in paying a tribute to the memory of Whistler. The Exhibition organized by the Copley Society will open next week—will have opened before my letter can reach New York. But already a collection of Whistlers, as important in quality if not in numbers, has been arranged, and has been on view in the annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy since the 6th of February. Some account of it must be of interest at the moment when everybody will be going to see the collection in Boston, for one exhibition supplements the other.

Scotland, at least, has of late years done her best to make up for the indifference and contempt with which the entire United Kingdom always treated Whistler, and England—save for the International Society of which he was the president—until the very end. The "Carlyle," as everybody now knows, was bought by Glasgow—the only one of Whistler's pictures in any national or municipal British collection. The Scottish Academy, as everybody may not yet know, made Whistler an honorary member not so very much more than a year ago, while within even a shorter time the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow. I say nothing of the fact that, long before, Scottish collectors had begun to buy his pictures; for, after all, there were a few English collectors who from almost his earliest period showed the same good sense and who are among the most notable contributors to the present exhibition, though Scottish and English collectors both have recently displayed such a readiness to dispose of their Whistlers, at enormously increased prices, to American buyers that an outcry has been raised in the country that never thought of securing one when it had the chance—and has not yet. However, a few of Whistler's masterpieces still remain in the United Kingdom, and Edinburgh could easily fill the serious gaps in Boston. The "Mother," perhaps the greatest of all, has not been spared from Paris for either exhibition. But the "Carlyle" cannot be overshadowed even by the Luxembourg portrait, and the "Carlyle" has been sent from Glasgow, and there is nothing approaching it in importance in America—though it might be remembered that America could have had it, and that Whisler's portrait of his mother toured the country, vainly seeking a purchaser, for months.

I do not think I ever quite realized before the wonderful beauty of the "Carlyle." In the Glasgow galleries it has always looked, though I was hardly willing to admit it, flat and dingy. It impressed me more a few years since, when it hung at the Guildhall in London, and all the pictures of the modern men who are considered masters in England, including Mr. Sargent, faded into insignificance before it. But it impresses me most now at Edinburgh, where it has been excellently placed in the "Great Room," so there can be no question in my mind that the fault at Glasgow was in the lighting, and not in the picture. Where it is hanging at the Scottish Academy, not only the character in the face, and the pose, the decorative dignity, in the composition, can be seen, but the subtle harmonies that play all through it. Splendid as are many of the other Whistlers shown, I cannot help feeling that among them the "Carlyle" towers.

One of these others is the "Miss Alexander," no less famous, made no less familiar by frequent reproduction; by some people considered the finest portrait of all, excelling even the "Mother" and the "Carlyle." With this I do not find it easy to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agree, for it does not gain by being seen with the other portraits. I do not mean to say it is not fine. It is—one of the finest pictures painted in modern times. But it has not the distinction of the "Carlyle." The figure does not fill the canvas as faultlessly, as inevitably, as that of the old man who sits in the quiet room. Nor do the butterflies, the daisies, the detail of the floor, the cloak on the chair seem to belong as absolutely to the design as the few simple accessories in the "Carlyle." There is the same mastery of paint, the same unerring feeling for beauty, the same refinement; and it may be, too, that the picture would show to better advantage if it were cleaned and varnished. I do not want to be misunderstood. I would not venture to criticise so great a work of the master. It is only that I do not think Whistler, in it, reached quite the same height of perfection as in the "Carlyle." It is said that he had infinite trouble and difficulty with his subject, and so it seems; the little girl looks tired—tired out.

The second "Miss Alexander," which I had never seen before, is also here, gray like the "Carlyle," but, unfortunately, like many pictures left by Whistler—for instance, the beautiful "Tulipe: Rose et Or," now at the International—unfinished. And still another portrait I had never seen before is the "Mrs. Huth," a marvellous arrangement of black against black—and such blacks! Who but Whistler could have created them? The portrait of Irving as Philip II. I do know. But in the Grafton Gallery, where it was last, I believe, publicly exhibited, the light was bad, and half its charm disappeared. I understand, moreover, that the picture has been cleaned since then; certainly, now, one can enjoy not merely the fine swagger of the pose, but the delicate harmony in the color—the black cloak telling so splendidly against the black background—and the amazing way in which the decoration is put in. By the side of Velasquez's Actor, it would hold its own.

These portraits make an extraordinary group, and my regret is that they were not hung together, and their effect thus concentrated. And the Scottish artists who are represented must feel something of the same regret, for though no doubt the intention was to honor them by placing them next to Whistler, they suffer sadly from the compliment. In the comparison, the commonplace of their own vision is exposed, and the coarseness of their methods. Besides these portraits, there are a number of characteristic pictures: the "Valparaiso"—the upright one with the mysterious figures on the great pier (the other, for the moment, can be seen at the International in London); the "Old Battersea Bridge," so fine in tone, and the "Trafalgar Square, Chelsea," all of London in it—the painting that bewildered and misled the poor critic when it was first shown; "The Thames," painted from the same place from which the wonderful lithograph was made, and as wonderful in its way; the blue "Nocturne," one of the loveliest of them all. I should also mention Whistler's small portrait of himself, with the paint-brushes, the work of some thirty years or so ago—proof that he had developed and mastered his methods from the very beginning; several small heads of children; series of the little studies of the sea he was constantly making, giving to the subject a beauty of color no one before him had suspected; the little shops that he always discovered, no matter where he happened to be, inexhaustibly picturesque and suggestive in his eyes, though no other painter had ever looked at them in just the same way. All these are things that Boston cannot have, though the collection there, I suppose, will be much larger.

The water-colors have a no less prominent place; and who could, or can, suggest a great interior, or a quiet little village green, in this medium with such delicacy, such directness, such subtlety? And there are a few of his exquisite pastels as well. While a special point has been made of the etchings, there has been no attempt to get together so comprehensive a collection as that exhibited in the autumn by Messrs. Obach in London, or of seeking the sensation of forgotten plates and unknown states, as was done at the Leicester Gallery. But two of the finest and most characteristic series have been obtained—the work the artist prizes for its beauty, not the experiments which the amateur collects for their rarity. The prints of the Thames set, lent by Mr. Pennell, are unusually fine, and these etchings, almost his first, Whistler never excelled, though he may have equalled them; and, indeed, no more beautiful etchings were ever made by any one, anywhere. The Venice set comes from Windsor Castle; the prints are probably early ones, and therefore very interesting, but they are not as fine as many later impressions I have seen. These two sets are fairly representative of Whistler's work as an etcher; and as long as the collection could not be complete, a better choice could not have been made.

Altogether, the exhibition at the Scottish Academy is one that the student of Whistler's art cannot ignore. It may be that a still more exhaustive show will be arranged later on; but at the present moment, anybody who comes straight from Boston to Edinburgh will have an opportunity to study Whistler that has never been offered before. The show, which he superintended himself, at the Goupil Gallery (London) early in the nineties, had the additional interest of his approval—it represented him as he wanted to be represented; but the two exhibitions now open are wider in their scope and cover a longer period.

N. N.

THE WHISTLER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

BOSTON, February 25, 1904.

Whistler has surely come to his own at last, as far as Boston is concerned. At the present moment, besides the memorial exhibition organized by the Copley Society, there are two other Whistler exhibitions open here—an exhibition of reproductions, etc., at the Public Library, and an exhibition of etchings at a dealer's. Every one is talking and thinking of Whistler, and the opening reception of the Copley Society's exhibition was, as a reception, a brilliant success. Everybody who is anybody in Boston, socially or intellectually, seems to have been there, mingled with artists, critics, and connoisseurs from many other cities. Copley Hall was crowded to suffocation for several hours, while the street was blocked with carriages and the lobbies were thronged with arriving and departing guests. Under such conditions, it would have been impossible to see the pictures, even by daylight, and Whistler's work is less fitted than almost any other to be understood or appreciated by the glare of artificial illumination. One postponed consideration of the works which were the occasion of the gathering, and confined one's self to wondering what many of the people there really thought of the artist in whose honor they were assembled, and what that artist himself, could he have been present, would have thought of the manner in which the honor was conferred. One can imagine him delighted at his personal triumph, yet somewhat chagrined at the temporary eclipse of his art, and a little cynical as to the real value of the tribute.

Such memorial exhibitions of the work of a recently dead master, common enough abroad, are rather new in this country, and it may be said at once that the Copley Society has done extremely well. It was fitting that the exhibition should be held in Whistler's native country and native State, for, though he preferred to call himself "of Baltimore," he was actually born in Lowell, and probably more of his work is owned in this country than in any other. Most of this the Society has secured, and it has also borrowed some important and beautiful pictures from abroad. In spite of some inevitable *lacunæ*, the exhibition is thus a large and representative one—almost too large from one point of view. It contains more than eighty paintings in oil, and a hundred or more drawings, watercolors, and pastels, besides eighty etchings, dry-points, and lithographs. The exhibition is the outcome of six years of effort, for the Society was apparently prevented from holding it during Whistler's lifetime only by the artist's fastidious objection to large exhibitions. He preferred to show his works a few at a time, in carefully selected groups and in delicately chosen surroundings, so that each individual picture or etching might have its due of quiet contemplation. Undoubtedly he would have felt that in such an exhibition as this, however carefully arranged, some of the pictures must be sacrificed to others, and would have thought a part, even a small part, better than the whole. From the point of view of the impression to be made on the general public, also, it is doubtful if the exhibition is not too large. It contains many tentative efforts in directions which the artist found to be false routes, and soon abandoned; many works never really completed according to his own standard of completion—insufficient things which had not or should not have left his studio; some things which, though conceived on his own best lines and completed to the measure of his ability at the moment, are yet failures. If some of these things could be eliminated, the exhibition would be finer, and would give a better notion of Whistler's special gifts to a public that may possibly be puzzled and disconcerted by them, and may give them undue weight in estimating the value of his art.

For the serious student, however, these very pictures have a great interest, and such an one cannot wish them away. To know how a given artist attempted this or that before he found what he could do best; how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he attacked his problem, and his methods of beginning a work of art as well as the final result; how he failed as well as how he succeeded—all this is necessary to our understanding of him. For the student, then, the exhibition is none too large, and his only regret is that it could not have been a little larger—that it could not have included certain pictures of special interest from their date or their exceptional importance, such as "At the Piano," the earliest of the specifically Whistlerian Whistlers, the portrait of Carlyle, and that of the artist's mother which the world proclaims his masterpiece, or the "Miss Alexander" which his special admirers generally prefer to it.

If these pictures were, for one or another reason, unobtainable, the Society has yet been able to gather works fairly and worthily representing every phase of Whistler's artistic activity and every epoch of his career, and to display them in a creditable manner; endeavoring to follow, as nearly as possible, Whistler's own ideas of installation and decoration. The oil paintings (all but a few small ones which hang in a screened-off lobby within the entrance) occupy the main gallery, which is large enough to obviate any necessity of crowding the pictures together or of hanging them very high; so that while there is not all the amplitude of spacing which might be desired, there is yet a reasonable border of plain wall surrounding each work. This wall has been covered with a silvery gray grass-cloth, of Japanese origin, and woven with a faint striping or clouding in the color, which makes a very favorable background for most of the pictures, though its faintly violet or pinkish hue contrasts rather too sharply with such of the earlier works as have become, or always were, somewhat yellower or browner in tone than those of a later date. The lower part of the walls is broken with horizontal battens, while at the top, just below the cornice, are spaced certain golden butterflies designed, I believe, by the architect, Mr. Howard Walker, and extremely well designed. With the object of still further breaking the great height of the room, certain bits of bric-à-brac—brass plates and the like—have been placed here and there; and though one may think these unnecessary, they are not very obtrusive. A great white baldachin shades the middle of the room and concentrates the light upon the walls; and, of a bright morning, the lighting is adequate and agreeable. The stage of the hall has been screened off to produce a small room which contains the drawings and lithographs, while the watercolors, pastels, and etchings hang in certain side rooms. These smaller rooms are hung in white and yellow, and the amount of work shown has necessitated some crowding, so that it is more difficult to concentrate attention on particular pieces. Unless one has a great deal of time to spend upon the exhibition, this part of it is likely to leave a somewhat confused impression of mass; but this fault seems to be unavoidable under the circumstances.

Those in charge seem to have committed only one real error. The familiar-looking catalogues bear on their brown covers Whistler's mark, the butterfly, represented with the sting in its tail which he added when he was engaged in critic-baiting; and the same form of signature appeared on the cards of invitation to the reception. Whistler himself never used it on any work of art; and surely, in this memorial exhibition, it is with his art alone that we are concerned. Some day it will be necessary to consider 'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' for the light it may throw upon the character of its author; but for the present it is as well to forget it.

Though there are inevitable transpositions due to the exigencies of the hanging, there is something like a rough chronological order in the placing of the paintings; the pictures beginning at the left of the door being mostly early work, while those on the right wall are mostly late. After the middle sixties Whistler seldom dated his work, and there are few indications of date in the catalogue. Some help can be got from the varying forms of signature, though not all his important works are signed; some from evidences of style. From such sources and what one can pick up from owners and connoisseurs, one gains a notion of the development of Whistler's style and the stages through which it passed; and, in trying to give an idea of the contents of the exhibition, I shall follow something like the order of production.

There are some schoolboy drawings of Whistler's here, done when he was fifteen or sixteen years of age, which I confess I did not see, and some work, done under instruction at West Point, which has no value save that of curiosity, and shows no special promise. He began the serious study of art in Paris in 1856, and his earliest etchings were done in 1858 and 1859. Of about the same time must be the often reproduced portrait of himself, "Whistler with a Hat," No. 55. It is neither very good nor in any way characteristic of the artist, and is principally interesting because it shows unmistakably the influence of Courbet. Courbet was at that time the great revolutionary force in French painting, and it was his success that caused Gleyre, Whistler's titular master, to retire in disgust from the Salon; so that it is interesting to see that his influence was the first notable one brought to bear on the young artist. This portrait is also important as fixing a date, and as reminding us that Whistler goes back to a time preceding impressionism. He was only a year younger than Manet, and the development of the two artists was, for a time, almost parallel. With the later developments of impressionism Whistler had no sympathy whatever—indeed, his conception of art was radically opposed to that of the impressionists; yet the starting-point of both his art and theirs was the realism of Courbet.

"At the Piano," which I know only in reproduction, is supposed to have been painted about 1860, and its character would seem to have been a presage of Whistler's later style. Not so with the next picture exhibited in Copley Hall, dated 1861, the "Coast of Brittany," No. 42. This is an attempt at plain realism, and not a very successful attempt. It represents a huddle of rocks, all of one heavy brown, amongst which is a poorly drawn and painted figure of a Breton peasant girl; a strip of intensely blue sea beyond; and a rather commonplace and ugly blue sky. Nearly contemporaneous should be the "Interior" of a Breton cottage, No. 49, which is equally without special quality. The next year, 1862, produced three remarkable pictures, "The Blue Wave," "The Building of Westminster Bridge," and the "White Girl," Nos. 54, 34, and 71. "The Blue Wave" is a sort of sequel to the "Coast of Brittany." There is the same intense blue of the sea, the same or a deeper brown in the rocks, a greater vigor and a stronger sense of life and motion. But there is also a charm of beautiful arrangement, and a rich harmoniousness of color which the earlier work entirely lacked. It is already a Whistler, and a fine one, though with stronger oppositions of light and dark and of warm and cold color than his matured taste would have approved. The "Building of Westminster Bridge" appears to me a very great and impressive picture, but one which seems to announce a talent of an altogether different kind from that of Whistler. In subject it is connected with the early etchings of the Thames series, its *motif* being that of intricate line as shown in the timbers of the scaffolding. In painting it is vigorous, direct, and extremely skilful. Its color is warm and conventional, composed mostly of yellowish and brownish grays. But its most notable quality is an imaginative lift—a feeling of the conquering power of humanity over matter. From it one would expect that the painter was to develop into a great landscape painter, partly realistic, partly romantic, not like any one of the French romantic school, but with strong affinity for them all. "The White Girl," on the contrary, is unmistakably Whistler, and Whistler alone—the first of the "Symphonies in White," though that title was not invented until the painting of the "Symphony in White No. 2." It is warmer in color than those which succeeded it, and suffers a little from its present surroundings. It has probably turned a trifle yellow from age, but it must always have had a slightly browner tone than its later companions. Apart from this, it manifests nearly all the characteristics of its author, at least in germ—his hatred of rotundity and aggressive modelling, his love for delicate oppositions as of white on white or black on black, his beauty of spacing and pattern, his grace of line, and his carelessness of, or inability for, constructive drawing. The qualities it has not he never mastered; the qualities it has he refined on more and more, making them more prominent by the deliberate sacrifice of the others. But there is a youthful freshness and charm in this early work which makes one like it better than some more mature and masterly things.

In 1863 Whistler painted "The Thames," No. 70, a singularly dry and uninspiring production, and in 1864 "The Thames in Ice," No. 31, a vigorous sketch which seems to reveal, for once, the influence of Manet. But in these years, from 1860 to 1864, he must have been producing, also, a series of sketches, now belonging to Mr. Freer, which are delicious in themselves, and of extreme interest. They may easily be misunderstood if their date and purpose be not kept in mind. I gather from their present owner that they were hardly considered by Whistler as completed works of art, and that most of them never left his studio until his death. They were experiments, preludings, attempts to master new ideas of arrangement and a new key of color. They hang, all together, near the entrance to the gallery, and are numbered from 19 to 24. The "Venus" has no face

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and no arms, and no legs below the knee, but the tone and color of flesh are exquisite. The others are in the nature of sketches of compositions, partly Japanese, partly Greek in inspiration; quite without specific form or detail, but admirably graceful in line and altogether lovely in delicate, clear color. No one that I know of had at that time done anything like them, though they remind one of what the art of Albert Moore was to be.

In 1864 Whistler made an ambitious attempt to carry out on a large scale a scheme of this kind in the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," which occupies a place of honor at the end of the gallery. The picture has been vastly admired, but does not seem to me successful. For once the painter missed the perfect harmony of color and tone which he sought, while the absence of firm representation is even more conspicuous than usual. The greatest merit in the picture is its grace of sweeping line. A year or two later (the picture once bore a date, but it has been painted out by the artist himself) came the "Little White Girl" or "Symphony in White No. 2" (No. 28 in the catalogue). It is an almost unequivocal success, a trifle edgy in its flatness, but perfect in its harmony of arrangement and of color. The girl's face and figure have been thought to reflect the temporary influence of Rossetti, and certainly they have a kind of beauty not elsewhere visible in Whistler's work. The face in the mirror is not so successful, but the picture is, as a whole, of a refined loveliness of which few artists have been capable. Of nearly the same period must be another delightful picture, Mr. Hecker's "Music Room," No. 15, almost as perfect a piece of art as exists, though it is somewhat enigmatic. One does not quite know what the woman in a blue riding-habit is doing, or how the elderly lady at the piano comes to be reflected as she is in the mirror without being visible in the room itself; but one does not greatly care. The richness of the black, the Corot-like quality of the flesh, the ravishing beauty of color, the justness of value, and the wonderful lightness of execution—these are enough.

The next few years were those of Whistler's most abundant production, and in them he struck, in rapid succession, all the notes of his gamut. To the late sixties or the early seventies belong the portrait of his mother, the portrait of Carlyle, the "Miss Alexander," "The Balcony" (No. 37), and "The Ocean" (No. 74), and others betraying the Japanese influence, and the first of the later marines and of the nocturnes. The three great portraits mentioned are not here, but the "Rosa Corder" (No. 25) must be of about their time, and is an admirable picture, far more complete than any other of the portraits here shown. It is an arrangement of black on black, with a single note of brown in the hat which the lady holds in her gloved hand; and the tone is both full and subtile, while the pattern of line is delightful. The head is low in tone and with little modelling, but is finely drawn and beautiful in character. The picture is not only a fine work of art, but a sympathetic portrait.

From the time he was forty or thereabout, there seems to have been a lessened physical vitality in Whistler, and his work becomes less abundant and less complete. We have fewer pictures of a kind which require any sustained effort, his canvases become smaller and his handling grows slighter. He cares less and less for serious study of character in portraiture or for realization in anything, and his art approaches nearer and nearer to what he tried to prove all art should be—a pure matter of the arrangement of tones and lines, with no other meaning than its beauty. It is the time of "harmonies" and "nocturnes" and "notes"—a "symphony" is too ambitious and complicated. His best work in oils, during the last thirty years of his life, seems to have been confined to certain heads and certain sea and river sketches on canvases a foot or two square, or panels of a few inches in dimension—many of them painted at a sitting, others painted and repainted yet left, intentionally or unintentionally, with something of the vagueness of sketches. But if he has eliminated all but a few qualities of painting, he expresses those which he has retained with the greater perfection. If you will be content to ask for nothing but what he gives, he will give you such delicate sensations as you will get from no one else, as delicate as the odor of vanished flowers. I must be content to name a few of these things which seem to me to be among the finest of them, such as "Le Petit Cardinal" (No. 40) and "The Little Rose of Lyme Regis" (No. 43) among the heads; or "Blue and Silver—Trouville" (No. 51), cool and pearly; "Nocturne in Blue and Silver—Cremorne Lights" (No. 56), quite perfect; the nocturne of which the sub-title is "Bognor" (No. 65), and two of "Chelsea Embankment" and "Battersea Reach" (Nos. 61 and 63), which are wonderful suggestions of atmosphere and the mystery of night. Mention should also be made of "The Falling Rocket" (No. 64), which was one of the pictures so unsparingly censured by Ruskin, and of the similar, but somewhat less successful, "Fire Wheel," No. 66.

I shall not attempt, in the tail of this letter, to deal with the lithographs and etchings, nor do I feel particularly competent to do so at any time; but a word must be said of the pastels. They are the last word of slightness—a bit of gray or brown paper, a line of two of crayon and a touch or two of color—a kind of disembodied art, a hint, an insinuation of beauty; but they are so dainty, so graceful, so charming, that one understands the enthusiastic admiration of the true devotee of Whistler, and may even incline to wonder if they are not, perhaps, the best he had to give us. For, after all, Whistler's was a slender and fine talent rather than a great and robust one—a talent of nice discriminations and fastidious choice, of elegance rather than of strength; and his peculiar qualities shine the more clearly when all effort at realization has been abandoned, when the grosser elements of art have been purged away and painting has almost ceased to be representation. It was not for nothing that he chose the butterfly for his emblem, and these are the most butterfly-like of his works, as light and as evanescent—a hover of painted wings, a dip to the choicest flower, and gone again.

KENYON COX.

Correspondence.

NOTICE OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The answer authorities on international law would be most apt to make, in reply to the inquiry of your correspondent "Pacificus" as to "what, or whether any, preliminaries are necessary to a commencement of war," is that no preliminaries are essential. Preliminaries have usually taken one of two forms—that of a formal note presented by one of the belligerents to the other, or that of a manifesto issued by one state announcing to the world that a state of war exists between itself and another State. In the case of the manifesto, no time need elapse before the first blow is struck; in the case of the formal note, the first actual hostile act would serve equally well as notice, inasmuch as it is not the intention to warn the enemy in order that he may have time and opportunity to put himself in a state of defence. We have not yet come to that quixotic stage of development, and the most that can be said of either note or manifesto is, that they are a survival of the mediæval fashion of a fanfare of trumpets and a herald's voice in the opposing court, or, in modern phrase, to put one's self properly on record. There is no thought of giving the other party time to bolster up defences.

The practical futility of the formal declaration is shown in the three modern instances of its adoption. The Crimean war was opened by the observance of every formality; the war of 1870 was begun by a declaration handed to Bismarck by the French *chargé d'affaires*, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 by the presentation of a dispatch to the Turkish *chargé* at St. Petersburg, and yet in each case no time was allowed for dissemination of the news before blows fell. In the latter case, Turkish territory had been invaded some months previous to the notice.

William Edward Hall, the eminent English writer upon international law, says, in his treatise on the subject:

"To regard a manifesto as the equivalent of a declaration, is to be satisfied with a fiction, unless it be understood that hostilities are not to commence until after there is a reasonable certainty that authenticated information of its contents has reached the enemy Government. The use of a declaration does not exclude surprise, but it at least provides that notice shall be served an infinitesimal space of time before a blow is struck. A manifesto, apart from the reservation mentioned, is quite consistent with a blow before notice. The truth is that no forms give security against disloyal conduct, and that when no disloyalty occurs, states always sufficiently well know when they stand on the brink of war. Partly for the convenience of the subjects of the state, and partly as a matter of duty towards neutrals, a manifesto or an equivalent notice ought always to be issued when possible, before the commencement of hostilities; but to imagine a duty of giving notice to an enemy is both to think incorrectly and to keep open a door for recrimination in cases, which may sometimes arise, when action, for example on conditional orders to a general or admiral, takes place in such circumstances that a manifesto cannot be previously published."

According to Holtzendorff's 'Handbuch' (1889, v. IV., §§82-4), neither declaration nor manifesto is necessary, though a belligerent ought, it is said, to give notice of some sort if he can do so consistently with his politi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal interest and his military aims, and De Martens ('Traité de Droit Int.,' III., 205) considers that neither proclamation nor diplomatic notice is obligatory, provided that the state of relations is such that hostilities will not be a surprise.

Lack of notice of hostilities is undoubtedly hard on those ships "homeward-bound in full security," but war-clouds do not gather in a day, and, when skies grow threatening, it's well to look out for a storm. Moreover, the object of war is to get the better of your adversary.

SARGENT HOLLAND.

No. 1120 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, February 27, 1904.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are some things that give us much satisfaction when we realize their worth to us from time to time amid the activities of a busy life. One of them to me is the remembrance of the many years that I have been a constant reader of and subscriber to the *Nation*, and in all those years its unvarying adherence to high standards in its praise and criticism of public men and policies. Not always have I held to the same views, yet always has the standard been clear and elevated. To-day it is still an inspiration, amid untold causes and cases for discouragement; and while praise and eulogy for a distinguished Senator are still holding forth and overcome all who attempt to define or reason as to what is best or better, the *Nation*, with its usual thoughtful comment, holds up the man and his methods and the judgment that has been passed on all such, in spite of rank praise and intemperate ovation.

Here in Boston, one other paper has put forth bravely a discriminating estimate that will well compare. For a citizen and voter, it is well that such facts can be recorded and referred to in these days. If it has become the vogue to believe a patriot to be one who can estimate the worth of political parties in dollars, and who can establish the prosperity of a nation on a policy of inflated ideas that makes the average business man think white is black and vice-versa, do we not require such issues of public opinion from those who are brave enough to stand forth and declare them? Surely the average man to-day is a rank coward in his political opinions. He has no views except to shout for the best fellow. He does not recognize a principle in his political creed. It must all be based on the man and his ability to catch votes; and such a vote-getter is worth far more than principles, hath declared every one of our great leaders, and can be bought and measured with a price, while we cannot do this with a principle.

This is the doctrine established by the distinguished Senator just now departed, and by those not so distinguished who have not yet departed, but who still have control. I do not believe it is possible to prevent more or less of false principles or an entire lack of all principle in the control of parties or men, nor do I believe it is possible for this Administration to avoid the natural consequences of such effects to its policy in national affairs, when so manifestly under the leadership of men represented by the much-lamented Senator; but I do most earnestly believe that papers like the *Nation* go far in counteracting the influence of these ideas and methods, and in changing the results, so that men who believe, but do not always dare to stand up, who are strong, but do not have the voice or nerve to declare, can have a leader and a voice at all times among them.

It is such a voice and leadership that I know and wish to recognize now by giving this testimony as to the need and value of views and criticisms such as the *Nation* has always upheld and made clear.

BENJ. SPAULDING.

BOSTON, February 26, 1904.

MR. CHOATE IN ERROR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recently published address on Education in America, delivered at the opening of the summer meeting of the University of Oxford, Mr. Choate, our ambassador to England, has incorrectly stated the scope of the work of two of the foremost educational institutions of the United States.

After praising the Johns Hopkins University as a notable example of private endowment, Mr. Choate says that "it is mainly a post-graduate school, and maintains schools of Law, Medicine, Science, and Agriculture." This statement is partially misleading. Johns Hopkins has no school of Law or of Agriculture, but, in addition to the Scientific and the Medical Schools, it maintains flourishing schools for graduate study in History and Economics, in the Languages, both ancient and modern, and in Philosophy.

Mr. Choate terms the Carnegie Institute "the most signal advance in university extension yet made in America." As generally understood, university extension implies the extension of the benefits of mental culture conferred by a university to persons unable to attend the regular university lectures. This is accomplished by popular lectures, by prescribed readings, or by similar means. The Carnegie Institute is designed to aid trained specialists to carry on extensive research work, and also to aid in strengthening the work of universities already established. Hence it can in no sense be called an example of university extension. It may be noted that Mr. Choate has misused this term, university extension, in other instances. He refers to the founding of Harvard University as "the first and a most signal example of university extension." He also calls attention to the great increase in the technical schools of the United States, as well as to the increased prevalence of the elective system of study in the universities and colleges, as forms of university extension.

The address is on the whole, an excellent one, and fully adequate to the demands of the subject. BEVERLY W. BOND, JR.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, February 25, 1904.

THE SPELLING OF "ALLEGHENIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing Vol. VI. of the 'Historic Highways of America' you speak as follows of the spelling of Alleghenies:

"The variety of spellings of an important geographical name almost calls for Federal interference. The river which in New York is officially 'Allegany,' becomes, by crossing the line into Pennsylvania, 'Allegheny,' while in the writings of Roosevelt and others the mountains are the 'Alleghanies,' Mr. Hulbert, however, prefers to call them the 'Alleghenies,' and the spellings found for both river and mountains in the authors whom he quotes are as numerous as those of the name of Shakspere."

When my publishers returned the proof of the volume in question to me, they objected to my spelling of Alleghenies with an "a" because it was contrary to the decision of the United States Board on Geographic Names. I stood corrected, and now have been taken to task for following that decision. I should like to have your opinion on the value of the authority which was followed in this case—the last report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. Is not that the "Federal interference" for which you plead?

Faithfully yours,

ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT.

ROME, ASHTABULA CO., OHIO, February 24, 1904.

[Only nominally; and our remark was playful. The Board has no authority to compel uniformity.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will shortly publish a First and Second 'Book for Non-English-Speaking People,' by W. L. Harrington and Miss Catharine J. Cunningham, who have experimented with their lessons in the evening schools of Boston.

Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce a 'Psychological Year-book,' compiled by Janet Young, and 'The Simple Home,' by Charles Keeler.

'The Socialization of Humanity,' by Charles Kendall Franklin, is soon to be issued by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

From Henry Frowde we may expect 'The Titles of the Psalms: Their Nature and Meaning Explained,' by J. W. Thirtle; 'Chronicles of Adam of Usk' (1377-1421), edited with a translation and notes by Sir E. Maunde Thompson, who edited the British Museum MS. in 1876, when it lacked the concluding quire, since found; 'Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company,' an episode in the establishment of British Trade with Turkey, edited with illustrations by the Rev. H. G. Rosedale, D.D.; and a fifth edition of W. E. Hall's 'Treatise on International Law,' brought down to date by J. B. Atlay.

A year ago, in noticing Gardner's 'Story of Siena and San Gimignano,' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan), we foreshadowed its being reissued in handier form among the "Mediæval Town Series." This has now come to pass, with that companionable gain to the tourist which we also anticipated.

Prof. W. W. Goodwin has prepared an abridged edition of his 'Demosthenes on the Crown,' which has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. It is a volume of about 300 pages, of excellent typography, containing all the apparatus which the college student not a specialist needs for understanding and appreciating the speech. The notes are pointed and brief, though sufficient; the admirable historical sketch of the period is, substantially, retained, together with the analysis of the argument,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discussion of the legal questions, tables of dates, etc. The work is a model text-book for its purpose, in its neatness, finish, and freedom from surplusage. On page 276 the printer has transposed the figures in line 3, making the date 334 instead of 343 B. C.

The, with one exception, complete and unabridged selections in 'Modern Prose,' edited by Profs. Carpenter and Brewster of Columbia (Macmillan), will no doubt be welcome in the secondary schools for which it is intended. The modernity is vouched for by the extracts from Jack London, Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, and Maurice Hewlett, in a line stretching from Gibbon down. Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, Stevenson, and Lincoln are doubly exhibited. The variety is still very great; but, to say nothing of the doublets, the living names we have mentioned might all have gone unrepresented in favor of a master of English prose who is not more an Englishman than an American, and to be honored as such. We mean Goldwin Smith. We would also gladly exchange Jack London for Thomas Paine.

The second number of the "Newnes Art Library" (London: George Newnes; New York: Frederick Warne & Co.) deals with 'Velasquez,' and has much the same faults and merits as the first, which was devoted to Reynolds. In this case there are no reproductions of old mezzotints, because, fortunately, no such mezzotints exist. The sixty-odd plates are a liberal allowance—too liberal in some respects, for they include pictures almost certainly not by Velasquez. The "List of Principal Works," which is by no means brought up to date, states that the allegorical figures in the background of the Uffizi equestrian portrait of Philip IV. are "attributed to another hand," but does not notice that the horse and rider are as utterly unlike Velasquez's work as are these figures. The picture answers in every respect to the descriptions of the portrait painted by Rubens in 1628, except that the King is too old for that date. It would seem to be a copy of Rubens, with the head altered to suit the time when it was painted. The portraits of Philip III. and Margaret of Austria are given with no intimation that they were only retouched and altered by Velasquez, who never saw the originals of them and was incapable at any period of the wooden workmanship of the figures. The frontispiece is the early portrait of Don Carlos, brother of Philip IV. (an odd selection), and this is labelled, under the picture itself and in the list of illustrations, "Don Balthasar Carlos," a misnomer which the style of the work should have rendered impossible. This same portrait, by the way, is given in the edition of R. A. M. Stevenson's 'Velasquez' published in the Bell-Macmillan "Great Masters" series as "Philip IV.," a more excusable blunder in that it involves no impossibility of date. The brief biography by A. L. Baldry seems accurate enough as far as it goes, but one would have preferred some pertinent statement of the character of Velasquez's art and of its place in the art-history of the world. Finally, the plates, though somewhat better executed than in the 'Reynolds,' are far from satisfactory.

'The Chemistry of India-Rubber' (Lippincott), by Carl Otto Weber, is a valuable contribution to the rather scanty and untrustworthy literature of this subject. Its 300 pages contain a very satisfactory discussion of the results which have been obtained from the chemical investigation of rubber and its substitutes, as well as of the processes of vulcanization, with a full and carefully considered chapter on the physical testing and chemical analysis of rubber articles. The author writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with his subject, and contributes much valuable material from his own researches. Manufacturing processes as such are not treated. The india-rubber industry has been developed and is still largely developing on empirical lines. Dr. Weber points out that there is a wide field here for scientific investigation, and that the rubber industry of the future will belong to the country which takes the lead in such investigations. This book was avowedly written with the "hope of arousing the interest of chemists and technologists alike to the study of the remarkable class of substances known as india-rubber, the very name of which would seem to suggest that our present-day knowledge of them consisted chiefly in the fact that they may be used for erasing pencil marks"; and it seems admirably conceived to serve this purpose.

'The Art of Illumination,' by Dr. Louis Bell (McGraw Publishing Co.), is a thorough and interesting study of the problems connected with the best utilization of artificial light. The first three chapters give a very readable and instructive discussion of the physical and physiological principles which are involved, and are followed by a detailed description of the various means employed for illumination, with comparisons of their efficiency and economy. The lighting of houses, of large interiors, outdoor and decorative lighting, form the subjects of succeeding chapters. The high intrinsic brilliancy of the incandescent electric and gas lights is a menace to the eyes unless the sources of light are properly placed or screened; while the command we have of intense radiants leads to the temptation of lighting too brilliantly, with injury not only to the eyes but to the artistic effect. Dr. Bell finds, however, that the steady tendency is towards a more and more complete subdivision of the radiants, and subordination of great brilliancy to more perfect distribution. "The true criterion of effective and efficient lighting is not simple illumination, . . . but visual usefulness which takes account of the physiological factors in artificial lighting." The book is thoroughly practical, and abounds in facts and suggestions of great value to all who install or who use artificial light.

Mr. Harold Hilton's 'Mathematical Crystallography and the Theory of Groups of Movements' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde)—"movement," by the way, is an ill-chosen word, since there is no continuity in the transformations considered, and reflexion in a plane is one of them—is a book supplementary to the treatises on crystallography. It is divided into two parts. Part I. is mainly occupied with proving mathematically that the thirty-two classes of crystals with which the reader will be familiar are, upon certain hypotheses sufficiently probable, the only classes possible. What are called "forms" of crystals are not, in this part, seriously considered. On the other hand Part II. may be regarded as an attempt to explain, by further hypotheses, the geometrical nature of crystal-forms, and to show that they are 230 in number. It is an account of recent strictly geometrical studies of possible regular displacements of regular arrangements of molecules in space. No dynamical considerations are introduced; but there is little room for doubt that the results here developed must be the foundation for any future dynamical theory of crystals. The whole is presented with the utmost clearness, and, being very easy to read for a mathematical book, must be studied by every student of crystallography who can make any pretension to thoroughness.

Mr. John Edward Campbell's 'Introductory Treatise on Lie's Theory of Finite Continuous Transformation Groups' (H. Frowde) is the first book presenting in our language an account of perhaps the most important mathematical theory that has had birth in our time; Burnside's 'Theory of Groups' covering the subject only in a general way. Although the omission by Mr. Campbell of the important matter of possible types of group-structure is to be regretted, the student will find this volume by far the best introduction to its subject in any language; for the presentation is fairly abreast of the day, and the theory has been developed in sufficient detail with very considerable ability. There is a convenient index.

The old Spanish poem on the career of Fernan Gonzalez is not a highly interesting literary document; Fitzmaurice-Kelly dismisses it in a single sentence, Ticknor in a couple of lukewarm pages. But Menéndez y Pelayo has recently called attention to its historical significance in the eleventh volume of his "Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos," and Prof. C. Carroll Marden has done well to edit it in the spirit of the latest philological sobriety, in his 'Poema de Fernan Gonçalez, texto crítico, con introducción, notas, y glosario' (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press). The editor has had access to much new material, including unpublished fragments of the poem itself and manuscripts of the several prose chronicles based on the poem. As a result of this, he has restored the language and metre to their original thirteenth-century form, and has supplied several passages lacking in the current versions of the text. It is a pity, perhaps, that the American interest in Spanish literature should be so largely limited to textual or philological research; but since it is so, a critical text like this—dedicated to Menéndez Pidal, and worked out in a manner not unlike his own—is worthy of respect.

Students of Dante and of early Italian literature will welcome the illuminating study of Prof. Karl Vossler on 'Die philosophischen Grundlagen zum *süssen neuen Stil* des Guido Guinicelli, Guido Cavalcanti, und Dante Alighieri' (Heidelberg: Carl Winter). Professor Vossler has attempted to connect the lyric of the *dolce stil nuovo* with the contemporary philosophy to which it owed so much—an essential propædeutic to the study of this period, considering the highly abstract and symbolic character of the verse. This is brought out more forcibly by focussing attention on the three problems that particularly attracted the members of Dante's school—to use Professor Vossler's terminology, the *Adelsfrage*, the *Liebesfrage*, and the *Erkenntnisproblem*. Few monographs with so broad an outlook

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come these days from the German centres of research.

The publisher Loescher of Turin has entrusted to two distinguished scholars, Prof. Francesco Novati and Prof. Rodolfo Renier, the editorship of a new periodical devoted to mediæval studies, in succession to the recently suspended *Studi di Filologia Romanza*. The new *Studi Medievali* will appear twice a year, at a biennial subscription rate of 30 lire, and will include every phase of the study of mediæval literature, both in the vernacular and in Latin, with the sole exception of purely glossological studies. Its chronological scope will extend as far as the end of the thirteenth century in Italy, and the end of the fifteenth in France and Spain since in transalpine lands the mediæval tradition survived a century or two later than in the true home of the Renaissance. The two editors already control a magisterial review, the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, and their new venture is assured of success in advance.

In the "Patagonian Andes," the opening article of the *Geographical Journal* for February, Sir T. H. Holdich gives his impressions of the country received while serving on the Chile-Argentine Boundary Commission. He remarks on the wonderful beauty characteristic of its lake and mountain scenery, its magnificent climate, and is hopeful of its future as an agricultural and grazing country. The introduction of cattle on the pampas has brought to light a curious and unexplained fact, that the native wiry tufted grass is supplanted by a "matted growth of the richest grass that is known in the world of pasture land." He attributes the "successful attainment of the boundary settlement to the firmness and statesmanship of the Presidents of the two Republics, who were unanimous in their efforts to secure peace and good will between the two countries. . . . Probably no country in the world's history has made such strides in material advancement as Argentina under President Roca's administration." Prince P. Kropotkin contributes a paper, with several charts, on the orography of Eastern Siberia, the result of personal investigations during a five years' stay in that region, and Drs. O. Nordenskiöld and Andersson tell of the scientific work of the Swedish Antarctic Expedition. There is also an abstract of Baron F. von Richthofen's inaugural address as Rector of the University of Berlin upon "the impetus and direction of geography in the nineteenth century," and a description, by Prof. J. D. Everett, F. R. S., of a "flat model which solves problems in the use of the globes," containing facts of interest especially to teachers.

The Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Records, Mr. Robert T. Swan, has, from the moment he took office, been an efficient advocate of the divorce of politics and public service. His sixteenth report is a fresh argument to this end. Thanks to his recommendations, the term of office of city clerks has been extended to three years for such cities as voted in favor of accepting the act—and they all had to vote yea or nay. Six cities held out in favor of the annual clean sweep, but by small majorities, and they are amazed that the Commissioner advises the necessary special legislation to enable them to reconsider. Other matters of general interest in this report are the exposition of the change from Old Style to New Style, the list of typewriting ribbons and pad approved as durable for records (with a curious illustration from a fire test), and the discussion of the sifting of public papers whose accumulation acts as a deterrent to fire-proof accommodation. The librarians who behold their granaries bursting with obsolete and worthless works, might find a hint in this section.

'Drainage Modifications in Southeastern Ohio,' by W. G. Tight (professional paper No. 13, United States Geological Survey), offers a remarkable illustration of the wholesale manner in which large rivers may be provoked to change their courses when their discharge is obstructed by the advancing ice sheet of a glacial epoch; and this comes as an important lesson at a time when rivers were gaining a reputation for long continuance in ancient paths. Professor Tight shows that the present Ohio River and its chief branches in the district studied are not of geologically ancient origin, as had long been supposed; they are the new drainage courses taken in geologically modern times, after the rivers of an earlier period, which thereabouts flowed northward, probably to the basin of Lake Erie, were blockaded by the ice sheet of the first glacial epoch. The courses of the earlier rivers are recognizable as flat, well-developed valley-floors, more or less clogged with gravel and silt, and standing 100 or 200 feet above the level of the present rivers. Several series of the abandoned, high-level, wide-open valleys have been traced. When they were the drainage paths of the region, its relief was much less than it is now. The present valleys depart most irregularly from their predecessors; they are commonly narrow-floored and rather steep-sided; and, owing to their deep erosion, the region is much more hilly than it used to be. The Ohio River, along the southeastern border of Ohio, is generally transverse to the older valleys.

The first international congress for school hygiene has been called to meet in Nuremberg in the first week in April. Papers by Professor Cohn of Breslau; Axel Johannsen, of Christiania; Lagandre, of Paris; Liebermann, of Buda-Pest; Hüppe, of Prague; and Eulenburg, of Berlin, are on the programme. The congress has been divided, for its work, into ten sections, and practically all the leading questions of school hygiene will be discussed by specialists. Local committees have been established in many educational centres. The attendance at the Nuremberg meeting promises to be exceptionally great.

A call has been issued for the Second International Congress for the Universal History of Religion (*Allgemeine Religionsgeschichte*) to meet in Basel from the 30th of August to the 2d of September of the current year. The first congress of this kind convened in Paris during the Exposition of 1900, and the coming convention is called in accordance with the decision of the Paris meeting. At the Basel congress there will be eight sections, viz., on the religion of the so-called "Nature races," including Peru and Mexico; the religion of the Chinese and the Japanese; the religion of the Egyptians; the religion of the Semites; the religion of India and Persia; the religion of the Greeks and the Romans; the religion of the Teutons, Celts, and Slavs; the Christian Religion. A contribution of 20 francs insures a copy of the transactions of the Congress. The call is signed by a local committee, headed by Professor Orelli, of the University.

—The March *Century* opens with a lively account of the Paris Bourse and its curb-stone appendages, written by Cleveland Moffett and illustrated by Castaigne. The official character of the Bourse, its legal restraints, and the relation of these facts to the development of outside brokerage, are clearly set forth. The article of most intense interest in the number is an account of a visit to Prince Bismarck by the late Henry Villard, only a few months after Bismarck's resignation, and while his resentment was still at white heat. During an afternoon drive over his estate, the Prince poured forth in good English (that the coachman might not understand) a torrent of resentment so violent that in Mr. Villard's opinion to repeat it would only invite doubt as to its reality. After it was over he remarked: "It was quite a relief to me to have this opportunity to speak without restraint to a gentleman who, I am sure, will honor my confidence." This, however, was but an incident in a visit of two days, during which the conversation took a very wide range over topics of general importance, political and otherwise. The closing instalment of the Thackeray-Baxter letters gains a special interest from references to the civil war, though the fact that the Baxter family had representatives both North and South put Thackeray under some restraint in the expression of his views. He looked upon peaceable separation as better than war for the Union, and urged the argument that the separation of the American colonies from the mother country had proved the best for both. The Rev. Arthur Judson Brown has a short but very suggestive paper on economic changes in Asia, as a result of the intrusion of foreign influences. The chief point touched is the rapid rise in the cost of living to the native, unaccompanied as yet by a corresponding rise in earning power by which to meet the new conditions.

—In the March *Harper's*, Julian Hawthorne presents copious extracts from his father's correspondence with W. D. Ticknor, chiefly during the years 1853-1860, while Hawthorne was in Europe. The letters are, of course, very interesting, but an intelligent regard for the fame of the writer would have had left much of their contents to the privacy for which they were intended. The bits of literary criticism which they contain are not always felicitous, as, for instance, the warm praise of "Hiawatha" on the score of originality, and the suggestion that Longfellow "seems to have caught the measure and rhythm from the sough of the wind among forest boughs." The ill-natured flings at female authors, in particular and in general, might well have been spared. The kindlier side of Hawthorne's nature appears to advantage in his insistence upon loaning $3,000 to his friend Bridge, whether adequate security should be offered or not. One is reminded here of Thackeray's letters to the Baxters, in which he insists that they shall draw upon him if the civil war has occasioned them any financial embarrassment. The loan of Bridge was fully repaid, though Hawthorne fared not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so well in furnishing funds to secure the publication of Delia Bacon's Baconian theory of Shakspere. One may take his choice here whether to pity him as the victim of excessive kindness, or to regard the loss as a fine instance of deserved retribution. It is characteristic of Hawthorne that Miss Bacon was not allowed to know at the time that his favor in writing the preface to the book was supplemented by financial aid. Prof. John Bassett Moore gives a detailed account of American diplomacy during the Revolution. Dr. Charles A. Eastman relates his early impressions of the white man's civilization. One would search long in his well-written paragraphs for any indication that the civilization which he manifests is a borrowed and not a native product. As his Indian lineage is unquestioned, however, his achievements cannot be discounted on the score of mixed blood, the stock explanation by which anti-negro sentiment seeks to discredit the accomplishments of the African race.

—A large share of the March *Scribner's* is devoted to the continuation of "The Undercurrent," the correspondence of Mrs. George Bancroft, and Capt. Mahan's "The War of 1812." Captain Mahan, of course, finds in his theme ample material for censuring the policy of economy in military and naval expenditure which characterized the administrations preceding the war. Even the lamentable failure of General Hull's campaign in the Northwest must be traced further back than the incapacity of the general: "The true authors of the national disaster and its accompanying humiliation are to be sought in the national administrations and legislatures of the preceding ten or twelve years." Captain Mahan touches but one side of the problem. Another and not irrelevant side is the fact that the policy of economy stimulated a rapid growth in wealth and population, thus furnishing a firmer background for resistance when the crisis came. Financial and numerical growth would have been heavily handicapped by the maintenance of a large army and navy from the start, England would have been stimulated by our course to greater exertion in the same line, and the struggle might conceivably have ended in her favor. On the whole, the most effective and invulnerable historical arguments for unlimited armies and navies are to be sought in the future rather than the past. James Huneker contributes a highly laudatory paper on Richard Strauss. He has given back to instrumental music its rightful sovereignty, relieving it from further fear of the encroachments of the music-drama, "at the best a bastard art." He has enormously intensified the eloquence of the modern orchestra, increased its capacity for rare, subtle beauty tenfold, and enfranchised it from operatic bondage. He makes of it a vibrating, dynamic machine, a humming mountain of fire; he takes us near the realm where madness lies, gives us glimpses of vast orphic vistas where Dissonance may be King, iron twilights tenanted by enigmatic figures of another world, moons glowing from blood-red skies upon icy landscapes; and yet the sacred bounds of his art are never quite overstepped.

—In Volume VIII. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), covering the years 1591-1593, we have a continuation of the details of Spanish administrative activities, mainly controversial, to which the two preceding volumes of this series have introduced us. The stage-setting and actors are also the same. It is the old Bishop Salazar (he is too fiery to be called venerable) against Governor-General Perez Dasmariñas in the centre of the scene. The question of collection of tributes is the main theme, but it becomes more plain how the real issue involved is as to whether or no the civil authorities shall knuckle once and for all to the ecclesiastical, and confine themselves within the general policy and the lines of activity which the Bishop and those of the friars addicted to him shall lay down. Incidentally, some further insight is afforded into the Spanish-Portuguese contest for the trade of China, and into the essentially perennial nature of the ruinous competition the Chinese are capable of giving to the Filipinos if allowed a free hand in the archipelago.

—Statistics furnished to the King by Perez Dasmariñas in 1591 show a population of 667,612 Filipinos subject to Spain, on the basis of four people (including women and children) to each tribute-payer. These people were commended to 236 individual *encomenderos*, while 31 *encomiendas* were reserved to the king for the support of his higher officials. Spain had only 12 *alcaldes-mayor* out in the provinces (the *alcalde-mayor* was a judicial-executive officer). There were in all 140 friars, or one to nearly 5,000 people tributary to Spain. As a matter of fact, less than half the people already tributary to the civilian conquerors were being reached by missionaries at all, and the Governor-General called for 160 more friars at once. These figures are worth examining, in view of the constant assertions of recent writers on Philippine matters (particularly in Spain) that the friars everywhere preceded the lay conquerors in the pacification and settlement of the Philippines. Again, we are regularly asked to believe that the population of the Philippines increased under Spain from less than half a million to nearly nine millions. Figures frequently quoted for this purpose are the Philippine parochial registration of approximately 375,000 in 1583 (a large part of them unbaptized), and the parochial registration in 1897 of about 7,000,000. A very slight examination of the statistics of 1591 of Perez Dasmariñas will show what a margin of exaggeration careless Spanish writers have allowed themselves. The southern extremity and all the mountainous north central part of Luzon were then unreached by Spanish authority, which was as yet not any too well asserted over the Cagayán valley, the Ilocos provinces, Pangasinán, Zambales, Bataán, southwest Cavite, Batangas, and the Camarines. Cebú was but fringed, and the merest beginnings made in Sámar, Leyte, and Bohol. Of all the great island of Panay, only its southeastern part was really known to the Spaniards. Negros, Paragua, and Mindoro were *terra incognita*. Moreover, so was Mindanao, by which corner Magellan entered the archipelago, and we have no estimate of the population at all in Dasmariñas's figures. Yet they give an approximation to three-quarters of a million people. The population of the archipelago may have been no more than a million at the time of the Spanish discovery, and it also may have been as much as two millions and a half.

—Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia, publish in two handsome volumes 'George Fox; An Autobiography,' an abridgment of George Fox's 'Journal,' properly esteemed one of the company of great religious autobiographies in which St. Augustine's 'Confessions' takes the highest rank. The abridgment and editing are by Rufus M. Jones, professor of philosophy in Haverford College, who, though evidently himself one of "the people called Friends," makes no exorbitant claim for Fox, and in his notes and introduction exhibits a degree of detachment that deserves remark and praise. The introduction is happily conceived, and the notes convey, in almost every case, information that illuminates the text. This appears to have been abridged from the edition of 1694 in a judicious manner. That edition, while passing for a complete reproduction of the original manuscript, which is now owned by Charles James Spence of North Shields, England, failed of exactness in various particulars. It improved Fox's spelling and diction, and it omitted some of the franker and more startling passages. Professor Jones writes as if acquainted with the manuscript, which he describes as "a little livelier, fresher, and more graphic than any published edition"; but he makes no claim of having based his own text upon it. He does not overrate the value of the Journal as a picture of English life, with all its sects and schisms in a great and stirring time, with glimpses of Cromwell and Monk, and of the battles and sieges of the civil war. Perhaps some exception may be taken to Prof. William James's "well-known fact, that religion must be studied in those individuals in whom it is manifested to an abnormal degree." The frontispiece portrait of "George Fox in Ecstasy" is not reassuring at this point. The illustrations generally are a very real addition to the book. For the most part, those of houses and churches represent buildings which have suffered little change since Fox's time.

—Members of the legal profession have long wanted an adequate and imposing portrait of Chief Justice John Marshall. In response to that demand, Mr. Gustav Kruell has undertaken to reproduce on wood, in his unparalleled series of engravings of great men—mostly great Americans—the oil painting by Inman in the possession of the Philadelphia Bar Association. The block is 8x11, and the bust, nearly to the waist, is well set in an oval. The engraving is remarkable for its rich color, and the flexible technique is most instructively exhibited in a variety of ways—in the exquisite silvery hair, the flesh, the lawn kerchief, the costume, and the background. Of the likeness we cannot speak from acquaintance with the original Inman, but are ready to take on trust the combined product of the camera and of Mr. Kruell's rare gift of interpretation of character. This print—on Japan paper, as usual—is worthy to rank with the best of its predecessors; and one who should hang the Marshall beside the same artist's engravings of Webster and Lincoln, brother lawyers and statesmen, would possess three as remarkable examples of black-and-white, on wood or in any other medium, as the range of art can show, and at the same time illustra-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions scarcely less extraordinary of versatility and development of treatment in the hand that wielded the graver for all. The proof impressions may be had of Mr. Kruell at No. 14 North Maple Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

NERO IN WHITEWASH.

The Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero. By Bernard W. Henderson, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, etc. With maps and illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

The attempt to rehabilitate the reign of Nero before the court of public opinion betrays no moderate degree of courage. Even Tiberius offered a hard problem, but it must now be admitted that the scholarship of a half-century has radically softened the verdict in his case—a verdict based too much upon the general tone of the Annals of Tacitus and too little upon a careful study of the facts there recorded. Were it not for the last few years, about which serious difficulties still confront the rehabilitator, Tiberius might easily stand among the most sensible and efficient of Roman Emperors.

But Tiberius has to his credit a period longer than Nero's entire principate during which it can be shown, even from the unfavorable pages of Tacitus, that he was an efficient and economical executive and fairly correct in his personal habits, whatever may have been true during those gloomy years after the baleful rise and fall of Sejanus. If Nero, too, had his bright period, the circumstances were radically different. Tiberius came to the throne at the age of fifty-five, in the strength of a vigorous manhood. He had seen many years of creditable service in responsible positions under Augustus. He had the training necessary to a fairly independent career, and we do not learn that he had about him ministers of such dominant character and influence that his acts, whether good or bad, may in any important degree be ascribed to them rather than to him.

Nero entered his principate a mere boy in years, and already a pretty badly spoiled boy in certain important traits of character. He had had no opportunity to fit himself for rule by practical experience, military or civil, and he came to the purple accompanied by an adviser of strong influence who had sustained to him the close relation of tutor since his eleventh year, the philosopher Seneca. Burrus, a sturdy and capable soldier, was in the important position of Pretorian Prefect; and these two men were backed by the influence of an imperious mother, who, whatever her faults in other directions, was certainly ambitious that her son should enjoy an efficient and successful reign. Would one naturally expect a youth of sixteen, coming to the throne under such circumstances, to break his leading-strings and make the administration of a great empire essentially his own within the first five years? But the fairly beneficent portion of the reign is confined within its first five years, while the power of Seneca and Burrus was still unbroken. When we take into consideration all that Mr. Henderson is obliged to admit concerning the remaining years, there is certainly more Neronian bias than historical probability in the conclusion that Nero is personally entitled to the credit for the better features of the famous "quinquennium."

We have not overlooked Mr. Henderson's explicit assertion that he holds no brief for Nero. Explicit assertions, however, cannot go very far against the general tone of a book itself. Tacitus just as strongly asserts his impartiality in dealing with Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, and Nero. Mr. Henderson is not another Tacitus, but his tendency to put upon his facts an interpretation favorable to Nero is as strong and as constant as that of Tacitus in the opposite direction. Is Nero entitled so uniformly to the benefit of the doubt? We can appreciate the position of those who regard it as well-nigh impossible to believe that Tiberius plunged into a career of monstrous debauchery after living a fairly regular life to his seventieth year, although we cannot regard such a moral catastrophe as unthinkable when we consider the basis of Roman morality at the time, and the tremendous mental and moral shocks to which the aged Emperor was subjected. We must at least stop short of Tacitus and refuse to make the crimes of these few years of senile mental and moral degeneracy the basis of a belief that the regular habits of preceding years were a mere cloak of hypocrisy over a nature essentially depraved. But Nero! Where in his life is the period of established character, administrative industry and ability, to form a rational basis upon which to decide every questionable point in his favor?

We have read Mr. Henderson's book with care, and we do not find that he has presented any such basis. The admissions which he feels obliged to make are too numerous, too damaging in their character, and cover too nearly the whole of the reign. There is no attempt to deny Nero's monstrous career of unnatural vice, nor will the author allow even the partial palliation that might be found in attributing this in any important degree to mental insanity, since this would undermine his basis for considering the emperor a sagacious ruler, despite the enormity of his personal habits. Like Tiberius, Nero had a terribly imperious mother; but Tiberius suffered underneath the rasp, with no thought of securing relief through matricide. Nero cut the galling apron-string by a deliberate, though stupidly contrived, murder. Some have refused to believe the story because of the very stupidity of the plot, but Mr. Henderson distinctly accepts the tale as it has come down to us, after full discussion. "The undoubted slayer of brother, mother, wife, and of any who could threaten his possession of the imperial power," is the verdict of the closing paragraph, so far as this feature of his reign is concerned. It is as freely admitted that in his later years (and his "later" years began early) he was "tyrannical to the extent that he would show no mercy to any form of opposition." This spirit, shown preëminently after the conspiracy of Piso in "an outbreak of imperial wrath and suspicion directed against all sorts and conditions of men, and resulting in a series of executions and suicides which indeed make but a dull monotony of horror of the record," Mr. Henderson rightly enough explains as growing out of the conspiracy; but his disposition to throw the moral responsibility upon the conspirators rather than upon Nero, will not bear examination. Similarly, he would charge the many months of bloodshed and disorder that followed the death of Nero to the moral account of those who conspired to dethrone him; but the woes of that pitiable period were possibly as largely due to the fact that Nero had lived and reigned as to the fact that he had now ceased to live and reign.

The somewhat extended attention given to Nero's career as a poet, actor, harpist, vocalist, athlete, and what not else, must have upon the average reader an effect seriously damaging to the author's main thesis. The giddy tour of Greece, the return to Rome in triumphal procession with his one thousand, eight hundred and eight crowns won in artistic and athletic contests, the crown of wild olives upon his head, and the Pythian laurel in his hand, smoke of sacrifice and scent of saffron filling the streets, voices shouting, "Hail, Victor of Olympia! Nero Apollo! Nero Hercules! the One and Only Lord! Augustus! Voice Divine!"—is it anything else than degenerate vanity swollen to the point where intellect and common sense must suffocate beneath the pressure? Mr. Henderson, of course, agrees with modern competent authorities that there is no sufficient evidence upon which to convict Nero of the burning of Rome, but he is quite ready to accept as historic fact the story that he stood upon the tower of Mæcenas and chanted his poem of the Sack of Troy as he watched the flames raging beneath. "The scene was a temptation which no impressionist artist could easily resist, and the young artist emperor least of all." The mob would inevitably argue from the song the guilt of the singer, and "thus Art and Drama revenged themselves upon the artist."

But, along with inordinate vanity, indescribable debauchery, fratricide, matricide, uxoricide, and all else that the author admits, was there still a wise and successful ruler in this youth? We think that the average reader, basing his estimate upon Mr. Henderson's book alone, must be impressed with the extreme improbability of such a conjunction. We must, of course, admit upon due evidence even the extremely improbable; but so much of good government as may be shown to have existed during the period in question can be explained upon other and more reasonable grounds than the initiative of a Nero. Let us go back a little. For forty-five years after the battle of Actium, the genius of one of the world's greatest organizers had applied itself earnestly to the systematization of the new empire. A vast governmental machine was thus perfected and set into operation. For fifteen years more, at least, Tiberius considered it a sacred trust not to interfere with the working-gear of this machine. It was a machine that left no room for genuine political liberty, a machine that could lend itself readily to heartless oppression in the hands of a tyrant; but it was also a machine capable of orderly and effective administration, of the Imperial stamp. And such a machine, as history has repeatedly shown, may grind out on the average what the world is willing to class as very good government, even though it have a tyrant, an incompetent, or an imbecile as the nominal head. Was there any excess of order and efficiency under Nero beyond what might have been expected of such a system under the circum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

stances? If so, Mr. Henderson has not made it evident. If Domitius Corbulo carried on the military operations of the Empire in the Far East with brilliant success, it is not to be forgotten that he received his appointment when Nero was but seventeen, and Burrus and Seneca were at the height of their power; the next important appointment for the East came when the influence of these veteran advisers was waning, and the incompetence and cowardice of Cæsennius Pætus came near ruining all that Corbulo had done. Britain was the scene of misgovernment not far surpassed by the worst conduct of the rapacious aristocrats who harried the provinces in the days of the expiring republic. Seneca had his millions out on usury there, and exacted his dues with a rigor very similar to that of Brutus in the East, a century earlier. "Under the grievances of the loss of liberty, and an alien rule, of greed, extortion, eviction, debt, the province fretted ominously." When the King of the Iceni died, bequeathing his sovereignty and a share in his estate to the Emperor to secure the safety of his family, "his kingdom and his house alike were treated as the spoils of war. Centurions governed the kingdom. Slaves lorded it in the house. The Queen was scourged; her daughters were outraged. . . The chief nobles of the tribe were robbed of their ancestral estates. The kinsmen of the dead king were thrown into chains." All this describes a condition existing six years after Nero came to the throne. Evidently good government was not universal. And considering the fact that the provincial subjects of the Empire did not, as a rule, have their condition faithfully recorded from their own point of view, one may be pardoned for raising the question whether the lot of the provinces under the Cæsars was, on the whole, quite so roseate as it is sometimes painted.

We cannot agree, then, that the position of either Nero or his principate has been materially altered by Mr. Henderson's labors. But he should not let himself believe that the Nero of Christian tradition in the Middle Ages is the Nero of popular opinion to-day. The endeavor to restore him "from his position of terrible isolation as the Abomination of Sin upon this earth into the ranks of common humanity" is an endeavor to do what is already substantially done, so far as the classes likely to be reached by this book are concerned. But "the ranks of a common humanity" descend pretty low, and Nero's place therein is far down. If the cause of Imperialism, in Roman times or any other, needs the rehabilitation of such an Emperor, so much the worse for the cause.

HUMANISM.

Humanism: Philosophical Essays by F. C. S. Schiller. The Macmillan Company. 1903.

Quite recently the word "pragmatism," first used thirty years ago by our American philosopher, C. S. Peirce, has become fashionable as the designation of a novel way of looking at the mind's relations to reality. Throughout almost the entire past both Science and Philosophy have been accustomed to suppose that "Truth" must needs consist of a hard-and-fast system of propositions, valid in themselves and eternally, which our minds have only to copy literally. Logic and mathematics had always seemed to constitute such systems, and the entities and laws of physics and chemistry, just as our text-books formulated them, were supposed to be equally "objective."

But three influences have at last conspired to dissolve away this appearance of absoluteness in such facts and truths as we can formulate. First, philosophic criticisms like those of Mill, Lotze, and Sigwart have emphasized the incongruence of the forms of our thinking with the "things" which the thinking nevertheless successfully handles. (Predicates and subjects, for example, do not live separately in the things, as they do in our judgments of them.) Second, not only has the doctrine of Evolution weaned us from fixities and inflexibilities in general, and given us a world all plastic, but it has made us ready to imagine almost all our functions, even the intellectual ones, as "adaptations," and possibly transient adaptations, to practical human needs. Lastly, the enormous growth of the sciences in the past fifty years has reconciled us to the idea that "Not quite true" is as near as we can ever get. For investigating minds there is no sanctity in any theory, and "laws of nature" absolutely expressible by us are idols of the popular-science level of education exclusively. Up-to-date logicians, mathematicians, physicists, and chemists vie with one another as to who will break down most barriers, efface most outlines, supersede most current definitions and conceptions, and show most skill in playing about the old material in new ways, limited only by the one rule of the game, that the new thoughts must dip into and coalesce with the material at more than one point of sensible experience.

Thus has arisen the pragmatism of Pearson in England, of Mach in Austria, and of the somewhat more reluctant Poincaré in France, all of whom say that our sciences are but *Denkmittel*—"true" in no other sense than that of yielding a conceptual shorthand, economical for our descriptions. Thus does Simmel in Berlin suggest that no human conception whatever is more than an instrument of biological utility; and that if it be successfully that, we may call it true, whatever it resembles or fails to resemble. Bergson, and more particularly his disciples Wilbois, Le Roy, and others in France, have defended a very similar doctrine. Ostwald in Leipzig, with his "Energetics," belongs to the same school, which has received the most thoroughgoingly philosophical of its expressions here in America, in the publications of Professor Dewey and his pupils in Chicago University, publications of which the volume 'Studies in Logical Theory' (1903) forms only the most systematized instalment.

Last year the volume 'Personal Idealism,' a collection of essays by Messrs. Sturt, Schiller, and other Oxford teachers, announced the pragmatist doctrine radically to English academic circles; and now Mr. Schiller publishes his own scattered essays to the same effect, dropping the term "pragmatism" altogether, and boldly describing as "Humanism" the philosophy of which he is so far the most vivacious and pugnacious champion. No one can ever foresee what terms will succeed in the struggle to gain currency. "Pragmatism" (*i. e.*, practicalism) is certainly somewhat blind. "Humanism" is perhaps too "wholehearted" for the use of philosophers, who are a bloodless breed; but, save for that objection, one might back it, for it expresses the essence of the new way of thought, which is, that it is impossible to strip the human element out from even our most abstract theorizing. All our mental categories, without exception have been evolved because of their fruitfulness for life, and owe their being to historic circumstances, just as much as do the nouns and verbs and adjectives in which our languages clothe them.

The ancient phrase, "man the measure of all things," was, it is true, originally used skeptically: the human view was by Protagoras contrasted with a possible superhuman view which would be truer. But this contemporary humanism is so radical that it "falls on t'other side," and creates a new standard of sincerity and veracity. There is no possible superhuman view, it seems to say, to act as a reductive and falsifier of "merely human" truth. Experiences are all; and all experiences are immediately or remotely continuous with each other. As surely as we have thoughts, so surely are some of them superior. They are *experienced* as superior—other way of "being" superior there is none. And the experience consists not in their copying independent archetypes of "reality," but solely in the fact of their *succeeding better*, and connecting themselves more satisfactorily with the residuum of life. Truth, in short, lives in the actually felt relations between experiences themselves. It is *in rebus* and not *ante rem*. Error and truth are neither more nor less different than are our happinesses and unhappinesses; and a more "real" difference than that, it is impossible to conceive.

Mr. Schiller expresses all this in an admirably lucid and profound essay, "On Preserving Appearances," which forms both a constructive statement of the humanistic doctrine, and a telling criticism of the universal skepticism which Mr. Bradley uses his fantastically useless "Absolute" to support. In spite of the fact that humanism harmonizes so well with the surface of the sciences and with the psychology of our thinking activity, it is sure to repel those who hear of it for the first time, because it seems to leave us with a reality so foundationless and restless. An eternally fixed order of things, both physical and moral, appears to be instinctively demanded by men's imagination. Without it the universe feels flimsy in the mind, and as if purely accidental. Finite judgments such as Humanism composes truth of, can give no anchorage, for they are always liable to revision. Finite goods have no stability—they turn to ashes as soon as we possess them; and the world without a fixed Absolute of some kind behind it resolves itelf into an endless chase after novelty. Can such a chase be all? Is there nowhere any *terra firma?*

This to most persons seems a serious charge, and Mr. Schiller meets it in a most original manner. Reëxpounding Aristotle's idea of an "unchanging energy," he sets up the purely empiricist notion of an "Ultimate" in time as a substitute for the transcendentalist idea of an Absolute in eternity, and thus equips his humanism with the desiderated element of a standard of fixity in values. According to the current doctrine of "rel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ativity," if an ultimate kind of experience were ever reached as the result of progress, consciousness would have forthwith to cease, no matter how satisfactory it were in quality, for its existence depends on change, and change is incompatible with being "ultimate." But Mr. Schiller denies *in toto* the truth of the doctrine of relativity. He criticises it effectively, and shows that an intense but changeless consciousness of its perfected satisfactions might quite well be the final condition of a world that had evolved itself successfully.

Obviously, this notion of an ideal Ultimate is capable of furnishing empiricism with a definite religious background, and of stopping the mouths of those who accuse it of turning reality into a set of magic-lantern shapes that come and go. If Mr. Schiller's notion of a changeless consciousness prove credible, it will amount to a decisive step forward in the history of empiricism. But humanistic empiricism will have many other steps forward to make before it conquers all antagonisms. Grant, for example, that our human subjectivity determines *what* we shall say things are; grant that it gives the "predicates" to all the "subjects" of our conversation. Still the fact remains that some subjects are there for us to talk about, and others not there; and the farther fact that, in spite of so many different ways in which we may perform the talking, there still is a grain in the subjects which we can't well go against, a cleavage-structure which resists certain of our predicates and makes others slide in more easily. Does not this stubborn *that* of some things and not of others; does not this imperfect plasticity of them to our conceptual manipulation, oppose a positive limit to the sphere of influence of humanistic explanations? Does not the fact that so many of our thoughts are retroactive in their application point to a similar limit? "Radium," for example; humanistically, both the *that* and the *what* of it are creations of yesterday. But we believe that ultra-humanistically they existed ages before their gifted discoverers were born. In what shape? There's the rub! for we have no non-humanistic categories to think in. But the *that* of things, and their affinity with some of our *whats* and not with others, and the retroactive force of our conceptions, are so many problems for Humanism over which battle is sure to rage for a long time to come.

Mr. Schiller has but skirted some of these problems without entering into them deeply. But he has gone profoundly into others, and his style is as clean and clear and lively English, as his thought is strong and original. His ideas are sure to form the storm-centre for the philosophy of at least the next decade. Rather than give an analysis of the separate essays of which his book is composed, we have thought best simply to describe their purpose in general terms, and to call the attention of our readers to their great ability and importance.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley. Dodd, Mead & Co.

'It is just fifty-seven years since the first number of 'Vanity Fair' appeared in a yellow cover, and forty since its author died. Hitherto, Thackeray's critics have been troubled by his fame—more concerned to justify or depreciate that than to examine the work on which it rests. Mr. Whibley has thrown off the trammels, or, perhaps, is young enough never to have been inconvenienced by them. He approaches his subject without nerves and very much in the spirit of his own time, which happens to be a time when English literature is less insular than in the middle of the nineteenth century, and, with both loss and gain, more cosmopolitan. The present generation of English writers has been influenced by foreign theories of literary art; and, in regard to the novel, since Thackeray's day, there has been a revolution of opinion not only about what may be said, but also about the form in which it must be said. It almost follows that a critic attached to the theories of the moment cannot sympathize deeply with an early Victorian.

Mr. Whibley is very well informed about early Victorian times, but he doesn't admire them; so his judgment of a novelist who stands preëminently for his period, his country, and his class falls short of comprehensive fairness. The general tendency of his criticism is to consider most of that which in Thackeray's work expresses temporary conditions as unessential, and, thus denuded, to exhibit its permanent value. He performs the operation skilfully, and probably with no suspicion that a reader who should take his book as an introduction to Thackeray might wonder why on earth he had ever come to be so famous. This, not because Mr. Whibley is deliberately unjust, but because he does not sympathize, and because his point of departure is, we think, the wrong one for arriving at a true estimate of an English novelist.

Most novelists of all nations have chiefly occupied themselves with transient aspects of life, and the great Victorians, with one exception, never seriously thought of looking beyond. We incline to the opinion that novelists who render the transitory with fidelity and vivacity are good novelists, and that, given (like Thackeray) "literature in the blood," their greatness may somewhat depend on the closeness with which they are bound (as Mr. Whibley truly says Thackeray was) to the superstitions of their age. He only aspired to record the manners and reflect the temper of his time, and, when he took a higher flight, we know that he surprised himself. When Englishmen with literature in their blood (the phrase is Mr. Whibley's) have also fine ideals, and strong emotions and perception of universal truth and beauty, they become poets, not satirical novelists or easy-going, picturesque, fluent journalists. To disparage Thackeray because he was not Balzac is hardly more pertinent than to find fault with him because he was not Shakspere or Shelley. This is not to excuse him for sneering at Balzac and for being inexpressibly shocked by Shelley. Some one has recently collected evidence that he liked best second-rate books; but he might be so benighted if he were living to-day, in which case he would never be at a loss for reading agreeable to his taste.

Still, let it be granted that he fell upon evil days, and that, if he had more often and more continuously soared beyond, we should now be able to derive from the whole of his work such pleasurable satisfaction as a large part always yields. No doubt he was always being pulled one way, towards ironical representation, by his mind, and another way, towards sentimental edification, by his morals, which were absolutely the professed morals of the British middle class. There is evidence scattered all through his work that the shackles chafed, but, on the whole, he believed that they were for his good and the world's good. When he was estimating the work of eighteenth-century writers, he went splendidly free, but when it came to the personal character of many of them he wrapped himself in his sacred conventions. He denounced some mighty men with an air of moral impeccability that can only be associated with the early Victorian paterfamilias standing, with coat-tails spread, admonishing a subservient wife and daughters from the vantage of the domestic hearth. Mr. Whibley repudiates vigorously slanders that have lived too long. His pages in defence of Swift display considerable passion, and he concludes that Thackeray entertained a kind of personal hatred for Swift, and that the "lectures on the Humorists is the worst blot on his literary reputation." We cannot feel that he hated any of the Humorists, but only that he felt it his duty to appear as if he did. So skeptical was he of the existence of virtue in any other time and place than in the Victorian home, that he nailed his faith to that; and as often as he found himself cutting loose from the home deities, he pulled himself up sharply and poured out expiatory oblations. When in that mood he could be reckless in defamation; he could deny truths proclaimed by his own creative genius—even his humor and sense of humor forsook him. This conflict of character enfeebled his work, for, as Mr. Whibley says, it produced a kind of uncertainty, and justifies Carlyle's admirable comment: "A beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him. The genius never overcame the struggle."

This sheer genius of constructive characterization and satirical representation of life had a good deal to struggle against besides a declamatory passion for morals. Thackeray had no idealism. He never imagined the spirit looking before and after and pining for what is not; he took no cognizance of the desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow. Mr. Whibley errs, we think, in calling him a philanthropist. He was not, like those other great Victorians, Dickens and Charles Reade, deeply concerned with the miseries and wrongs of the people. He saw only the great world, the would-be-great, and a horde of sycophants and flunkeys. His genius had to work for the most part on what might be seen and heard in clubs and in more or less genteel homes. But of this meagre material it wrought beautiful visions of love and friendship, of common joy and sorrow, and sordid pictures of struggles for money, social position, or even for a good dinner with claret (the favorite beverage) flowing. In the representation of snobs and snobbery, the genius triumphed, unconscious of its shame. 'The Book of Snobs' (1846), says Mr. Whibley,

"touched the popular fancy, and made Thackeray famous. It achieved more than this: it profoundly influenced its author. Thackeray once told Motley that 'the Snob papers were those of his writings he liked the least,' and we can easily believe it. None the less he never shook himself free from its bondage. Henceforth he was more often than not a chronicler of snobs, and it was only when his imagination carried him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back to the eighteenth century that he forgot the twisted standard of life he had set up for himself. It is not uncommon, this spectacle of an author enslaved by his own book; but the slavery dimmed Thackeray's outlook upon the world, and it is impossible to observe without regret the complacency wherewith he answered the too urgent demand of the people."

It is not necessary to accept this explanation of Thackeray's life-long preoccupation with a mean subject in order to share Mr. Whibley's regret.

It is to be expected that Mr. Whibley would think 'Esmond' the best book, for several reasons—the chief one being that the style has sustained distinction, and that here "Thackeray proved that he could write if he would with perfect artistry." His preference involves modern disapprobation of the disregard for form characteristic of the Victorian novelists. But they called themselves writers, not literary artists, and they relied for effect on the vitality of their creative force and the extraordinary energy and variety of their faculty of expression. While recognizing the artistic superiority of 'Esmond,' both 'Vanity Fair' and 'The Newcomes' seem to us greater books; the one because of the presence of Becky Sharp (a portrait of a universal type so brilliant and penetrating that time cannot wither it), and the other because it is drenched in the atmosphere of the period. In discussing 'The Newcomes,' Mr. Whibley remarks that "in half a century the unessential has been winnowed from that which matters, and we may look upon what appeared the masterpiece of all novel-writing with a less partial eye." There are some unwinnowed volumes of 'The Newcomes' still extant. This is indeed a fortunate circumstance for those persons who now or hereafter may care for a living picture of English society in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Whibley is as much a man of his own time as was Thackeray, and the best of his book is in his candid expression of a modern view, and in the sketches of personages from whom some of Thackeray's characters are supposed to have been drawn; the worst is the scant, even grudging commendation of his author. In exclaiming, "What an essayist was lost in the author of 'Vanity Fair'!" he betrays a lack of sense of humor which may well excite a doubt about his competence to criticise a humorist.

Russian Orthodox Missions. By the Very Rev. Eugene Smirnoff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy in London. London: Rivingtons. 1904.

Answers may be found in this book to various questions concerning the missions of the Russian Church. The compiler begins with a brief account of the colonist-monks, the missionaries of the primitive Russian Church, who did wonderful work in converting and assimilating the Finnish and other alien races, and continues his historical account of varying methods down to the present day. It is interesting to note that, in the more recent past, Russian missionaries have Christianized the country progressively eastward, beginning with the Tatars of Kazan immediately after the conquest in 1555, sending representatives to Kamtchatka in 1705, to Yakutsk in 1714, to Pekin in 1714, to Alaska in 1793. Most of these missions were intermittent in character until the introduction of "the Kazan system." More space is devoted to the originator of this system and to the system itself than to any other topic in the book. Yet, possibly because of the author's strong tendency to tautology and a laborious style, possibly because he has imperfectly collated different accounts of the system, the result leaves the reader puzzling over several statements. The Tatars had been converted *en masse* before Mahometanism became a serious competitor. This conversion was merely outward and ceremonial, it is admitted. Then came a falling-away, also *en masse*, not only among the Tatars, but among the Finnish tribes along the Volga. The missionaries were unable to use the translation of the Scriptures into the literary Tatar language of the mosques (made by the Bible Society about one hundred years ago), because the baptized Tatars did not understand it. The Orthodox priests did not know enough Tatar to translate the most necessary prayers. One wonders how the Tatars got converted and baptized. The next step was to introduce Tatar into the course of instruction at the Ecclesiastical Academy of Kazan. One of the graduates, N. I. Ilminski, who remained as lecturer in Tatar and Arabic, was placed at the head of a committee for translating the sacred and ecclesiastical books. Ilminski labored eleven years at this task, employing the Tatar of the Koran and the mosques, only to discover, after a residence of two years in Cairo for study, that the popular or conversational language was entirely independent. Again one is puzzled, and inquires, Why was not this simple discovery made long before, as Kazan has a very large Tatar population?—particularly when, on the very next page, the statement is made that the Tatars effected their alarming propaganda of Mahometanism through the medium of precisely that language of the Koran and the mosques. Ilminski's "system," as gradually worked out, consisted in using exclusively the colloquial Tatar language, printed in Russian characters. His able assistant, a baptized Tatar, in an accidental manner completed the system by organizing a school, on very simple, rational lines. Ilminski's translations are now used as the basis of translations into numerous other colloquial dialects, all printed in the Russian characters, and schools are established for the children. This constitutes the Kazan system which has revolutionized the missionary work of the Russian Church, and results in the preparation of native priests and teachers.

The narratives of the Siberian missions, with their hardships, vast extent, and difficulties of every sort, are of great interest, as is also the biography of the Christianizer of Alaska, afterward metropolitan of Moscow, a most remarkable man. In some cases the missionaries have to deal with languages which have never been studied, and in many cases contain no equivalents for the necessary words. Thus, for instance, "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves" was, perforce, translated in one case: "Be ye wise as ermines and simple as seal cubs." The mission in North America is dealt with briefly; so is the mission in China. Perhaps the most curious and interesting passage, at the present moment, is that which refers to the mission in Japan. Founded in 1860 by the monk who has since become bishop and is still at the head of it, it had, in 1900, 231 communities, 25,231 orthodox Christians, 33 ecclesiastics in addition to the bishop, 16 readers in minor orders, and 152 catechists. All of these, with the exception of the bishop, one priest and one deacon, are Japanese. An ecclesiastical seminary with sixty-four students (all figures refer to the year 1900), a catechetical school with ten students, and a girls' school with seventy-four pupils and thirty-eight teachers, five of whom had received their higher education in the ecclesiastical academies of Russia, are enumerated. Statistical tables are given for the various divisions into which circumstances have split up the mission fields in general, and the little handbook has its interest for those who take a broad view of missions, as well as for the experts.

English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Vols. II. and IV. Macmillan Co. 1904.

We have already noticed Volumes I. and III. of this sumptuous work, but the two remaining volumes, which have since reached us, are of sufficient importance and independence to deserve individual mention. Volume II., to which both editors contribute, covers a space of about seventy years from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558, including the period of the most splendid poetry and the most artistic prose. While all the literature of this extraordinary time is reviewed with appreciative judgment, and as fully as the design of the work admits, most stress is naturally laid on those two great, and we might almost say mutually complementary, personages, Bacon and Shakspere.

Dr. Garnett's study of Bacon, as man and as philosopher, gives a vivid picture of a powerful mind guided only by the dry light of pure intellect, and regarding the affections and emotions as perturbing forces, to be minimized since it is not possible entirely to get rid of them. The only critical remark we have to make upon this part of the work is to note that, while recording the extreme severity of the penalties imposed on Bacon at his condemnation, the fact that they were to a great extent remitted by the King is not mentioned.

The treatment of Shakspere's work is full and judicious, but that of his life is not quite so satisfactory. While the author of a separate biography of the poet may feel it his duty at least to mention every apocryphal tradition and absurd mare's-nest that gossip has handed down or conjecture invented, one would think that a work like this would keep soberly to the ascertained facts and to probabilities only just short of certainty, and, where there are gaps in the record, let them be gaps, without trying to fill them up with brain-cobwebs. Here, apropos of the fact that we do not know certainly what Shakspere was doing between 1585 and 1592, Dr. Garnett not only expresses his belief that in these years he was enlarging his knowledge of books and men, but also that he travelled extensively on the Continent. The French scenes in "Henry V.," we are told, "indicate" that the poet had visited France; his description of a fleet setting sail, and his use of military phrases, that he accom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panied Leicester on his expedition to the Low Countries; and the editor strongly inclines to the belief that the poet's knowledge of Elsinore and Venice shows that he had visited both those places, though he reluctantly admits that "there is not sufficient evidence." If lively description is proof of personal experience, we may confidently set down that Shakspere was once at least shipwrecked in a storm, that he was present at a pitched battle and a siege, and that at some time in his life (probably in his wild youth) he was ducked in a river.

More subtly penetrative is the reasoning (not devised by Dr. Garnett, but approved by him) which proves that Shakspere was forty-eight years old when he wrote "The Tempest." *Prospero* asks *Ariel* the time of day, and is told that it is two in the afternoon. Now assuming the natural day of twelve hours to symbolize the seventy-two years of human life, since two-thirds of the day has passed at two o'clock, we have the proportion 12:8=72:48. Q. E. D.

Among the portraits which greatly enhance the value of this volume, we have the three which (whether like him or not) were certainly meant for Shakspere: the bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the oil painting held by many to be the original of the latter. To these the editor has added the Chandos portrait, but not the Jansen.

Volume IV., which is the work of Dr. Gosse, and which includes the writers of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and virtually the whole of the nineteenth, will probably be to many readers the most attractive of all. These men lived in our own atmosphere; the problems confronting us confronted them; they took up the burden that we are still bearing. For the lives of these writers abundant details were at hand, and the editor has used them so as to seize the illuminating points. The literary criticisms show discriminating judgment, catholic appreciation, and delicate taste. The profusion of portraits, views, and facsimiles gives this volume especial value and interest.

An appendix furnishing translations and transliterations, and a very full index, fittingly complete a work of which, as a whole, we may say that it is a worthy history of the grandest body of literature in any modern language.

The Man Roosevelt: A Portrait Sketch. By Francis E. Leupp. D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Leupp's book has an undeniable interest apart from the immediate appeal of his subject. His pen is one long trained in the art of picturesque presentation, and its cunning does not fail him here. The various elements of the "portrait" he draws are skilfully pitched upon, and if the total result looks too much like a composite photograph, dim feature warring with dim feature, that is the necessary defect of his method, which is the journalist's *chose vue*. That the book is as far as possible from a full and measured estimate—to say nothing of a final estimate—of President Roosevelt, Mr. Leupp would be the first to admit.

Some one expressed surprise to Pitt that a man of so little character as Fox should have had so compelling an influence over so many men. "The remark is just," replied Pitt, "but then you have not been under the wand of the magician." Mr. Leupp clearly has been. Strive as he may to conceal it, the spell is clearly upon him—the spell cast by a virile and spontaneous nature which fascinates its thousands. We do not forget Mr. Leupp's occasional protests that he judges the President impartially, or condemns certain courses of his. But these relate to minor matters. The author shows us Mr. Roosevelt's exuberance running unconsciously into exaggeration, so that all his little fishes talk like whales. Nor is the frequent bathos of the Presidential style forgotten. Admission is made that Rooseveltian impetuosity often swells into a fault. Other abatements of admiration occur; but, as a whole, the book is clearly of the "Friendship's-Tribute" order.

One explanatory defence reads queerly. Mr. Roosevelt has been criticised—notably by ex-Secretary Long—for having urged that the Spanish ships en route to Cuba, long before the war broke out, should be attacked and sunk at sea. This has been invidiously adduced as a good example of the President's original ideas on the subject of international law. But it is all based on a misconception, elucidates Mr. Leupp. He has notes jotted down in 1898 which prove that Mr. Long omitted "one essential feature of the story"—namely, that Mr. Roosevelt proposed, as a preliminary, to have Spain notified that the sending of her fleet "would be considered an act of war." That was to make all regular! To serve notice upon a friendly nation that the moving of ships from one part of her territory to another would justify us in "smashing" them is enough, as a cowboy friend of the President's might say, to make Puffendorf puff worse than ever.

Mr. Leupp refers to a mysterious moral struggle through which Mr. Roosevelt had to pass years ago. It practically came down to this: Should he support for the Presidency a party nominee whom he thought morally unfit? Also, should he give up for party his belief in free trade? Mr. Leupp admits that it cost Mr. Roosevelt a temporary pang to do both these things, but the doctrine of the "larger good" carried the day. That is, Mr. Roosevelt was persuaded that he could do more good by "acting with his party." But, obviously, what he really meant was securing office from his party. Anybody can "act" with any party. A party will welcome, in a campaign, the most chronic "kicker," and accept his advice and his vote with the greatest pleasure. But office-holding, of course, is reserved, as a rule, for the "regular!"; and it is plain that office-holding was what Mr. Roosevelt had in mind. The principal difference between him and more frankly partisan aspirants is that the latter do not execute a moral flourish over their ambitions. We can understand the attitude assumed by Mr. Roosevelt, but we see no reason for trying to throw an ethical glamour about it. The perils involved, all men can see. When you say, with a sigh, as Mr. Leupp represents President Roosevelt as saying, "I am a Republican first and a free-trader afterwards," you may yet find yourself saying, "I am a Republican first and an honest man afterwards."

International Exchange. By Anthony W. Margraff. Chicago: Fergus Printing Co. 1903.

During the Mexican War, the late Mr. August Belmont surprised his fellow-bankers in Wall Street by undertaking to place Government funds in Mexico for the modest commission of 3 per cent. Inasmuch as the steamship companies charged about this rate for freight on specie, the other bankers could not understand where the profit came in; but Mr. Belmont arranged an arbitrage operation in exchange, which was then an unusual, though it is now a very common, transaction, and no doubt reaped a handsome profit in consequence. This was in the early days of a business which has since become a striking example of what economists call the tendency of profits to a minimum. Up to some thirty years ago bankers expected to make at least a half of one per cent. on their exchange operations, and the business was decidedly profitable; but nowadays, according to Mr. Margraff, they aim to make only one-twentieth of one per cent., which is certainly not enough to cover the inevitable risks—except, perhaps, when times are very prosperous.

Any one who is desirous of taking up this unprofitable business will find in the book before us a most elaborate account of modern methods of conducting it. The figures given are quite correct, and no important species of operation has been neglected. The reader, however, will meet with one unexpected difficulty, in that Mr. Margraff writes in a strange language, which we take to be Chicago English, and which we find exceedingly puzzling. Not satisfied, perhaps, with his own skill in the use of this singular tongue, Mr. Margraff has obtained the assistance of his publisher, Mr. R. C. Fergus, who contributes a sort of double-barrelled introduction, which appears to be slightly explosive, but not otherwise dangerous, as far as we can understand it. From this introduction we quote a sentence, neither better nor worse than others, in order to show that our difficulties are not imaginary:

"The first point presented by the author is the proper training of young men to a thorough knowledge of the subject-matter of a vocation in the International Department through the school first of a text-book leading to the classroom to be established, and in so doing prevent the exception of an educational institution for the personnel of the American Foreign Banking Department."

What this is all about we do not pretend to know, but we cheerfully concur in Mr. Fergus's final sentence, because we feel satisfied that it does not portend any bodily mutilation for Mr. Margraff: "Happy is the thought that the space of years allotted to man will permit of other fragments from our American financier."

The Nile Quest: A Record of the Exploration of the Nile and its Basin. By Sir Harry Johnston. Illustrations and maps. F. A. Stokes. [The Story of Exploration.] Pp. xv, 341. 8vo.

Sir Harry Johnston has done more in this book than simply tell the story of the exploration of the Nile—a story which began some three thousand years ago and is not yet finished, for there is still a stretch of some two hundred miles of the basin of the Mountain or White Nile which is practically unknown. In addition to a narrative of the various attempts to solve the mysteries of the Nile sources, he displays

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the latest theories as to the origin, affinities, and migrations of the negro races inhabiting northeastern Africa, along with much information about the physical features, fauna and flora of the region in which the river takes its rise. These are subjects which he had special opportunities for investigating while organizing the Uganda Protectorate.

The early explorers, from Herodotus down to the Portuguese missionaries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, left few records, and the first chapters have no personal incidents to enliven them. The interest of the book to the average reader begins with the narrative of the remarkable achievements of the Scotchman, James Bruce, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, followed the Blue Nile from its source in the Abyssinian highlands to its junction with the main river at Khartum. It culminates with the account of Speke's adventurous journey from the Indian Ocean to the summit of a hill "when the vast expanse of the Nyanza burst suddenly upon my gaze." Another historic moment was when, after the lapse of nearly twenty centuries of doubt, the Mountains of the Moon were found to be a reality, not the figment of Ptolemy's brain, or, more accurately, that of Diogenes, the Greek merchant, his authority for the statement of their existence. Stanley was encamped near Lake Albert Nyanza, in his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, when, he says,

"My eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver color, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, . . . I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow."

To the achievements of these three explorers and of Schweinfurth and Sir Samuel Baker the most space is given. Baker would have accomplished more as an explorer had not his task been largely to free the region of the Upper Nile from the slave-raiders. His reward, however, is greater, for he "is, in the remembrance of the old people, the one heroic white man they have known; terrible in battle, scrupulously just, at all times kind and jovial in demeanor among friends; a born ruler over a savage people." The travellers of recent years have been so numerous and their discoveries so relatively unimportant that little more than a bare reference to them was possible in a small volume. It is interesting to note that the aim of the last of the seventy-seven (men and women) who constitute Sir Harry's "Roll of Fame," Sir William Garstin, was not geological research, but to discover where irrigation works could best develop the natural resources of the Sudan and Egypt. In the series of maps prepared by Mr. Bartholomew, the progress of the quest is graphically shown, as well as the extent and minuteness of our present knowledge of the Nile Basin. There is an inconsistency between the spelling on the maps and in the text which should have been avoided. The journey of Bruce began in 1768, not (as stated on p. 77) in 1786; and Cancer should be substituted for Capricorn on page 298. The illustrations are portraits of explorers and scenes on the upper river. An excellent index meets the need of reference.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bartlett, Frederick Orin. Joan of the Alley. (Fiction.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Berliner, Jahrbuch für Handel und Industrie. 1903. Band I. Berlin: George Reimer.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. A Little Traitor to the South. (Fiction.) The Macmillan Co.
Caird, Edward. The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 14s. net.
Eliot, Charlotte C. William Greenleaf Eliot. (Memoirs.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Fiske, Amos Kidder. The Modern Bank. (Appleton's Business Series.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net; postage 12 cents.
Four Compilations. Friendship, Happiness, Success, Nature. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Herter, Christian Archibald. The Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Kufferath, Maurice. The Parsifal of Richard Wagner. Translated from the French by Louise M. Henermann. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Louthan, Hattie Horner. In Passion's Dragnet. (Fiction.) Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Lucas, E. V. Highways and Byways in Sussex. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Miller, Olive Thorne. With the Birds in Maine. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Moule, H. C. G. From Sunday to Sunday. (Bible readings.) A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Raper, Charles Lee. North Carolina, a Study in English Colonial Government. The Macmillan Co.
Stephen, Leslie. English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.
The Song of Roland, translated into English prose by Isabel Butler. (Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Todd, J. C. Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 6s.
Tunison, J. S. The Graal Problem. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $1.25 net; postage 7 cents.
Webster, Henry Kitchell. The Duke of Cameron Avenue. The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
West, Julius H. Hie Europa! Hie Amerika! Berlin: Franz Siemenroth. 1m.
Wheelock, Irene Grosvenor. Birds of California. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

Wells' Tables for Chemical Calculations.

With explanations and illustrative examples. By Professor Horace L. Wells of Yale. With thumb index. 58 pp., 8vo, $1.00 *net.*

This volume is designed to facilitate the use of logarithms in quantitative computations, and contains five-place tables in unusually large type, together with various special chemical tables based upon the most recent data. The method of using the tables is shown clearly by many illustrative examples.

Henry Holt & Co.,
NEW YORK CHICAGO

KOREA THE LATEST AND BEST BOOKS
THE VANGUARD. A Tale of Korea Gale. $1.50
KOREAN SKETCHES. Gale..... 1.00
KOREA AND HER NEIGHBORS. Bishop.. 2.00
EVERY DAY LIFE IN KOREA. Gifford.... 1.25
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, Publishers

A NEW AUTOCRAT
The Gentle Reader
By SAMUEL M. CROTHERS
$1.25 net. Postpaid, $1.37
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers

FOR SALE—Encyclopedia Britannica, Scribner's 9th Edition, Autograph Edn full embossed leather, 25 vols., $47.50. SMITH AND WILKINS, 207 W. 23d St., N. Y. C.

CENTURY DICTIONARIES and other books bought and sold. Write for catalogue. SMITH AND WILKINS, 207 W. 23d St., N. Y. C.

BY THE LATE SIR LESLIE STEPHEN
THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE
(The Alps.) By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. Crown, 8vo, with 4 Illustrations. Cloth, $1.50.
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
is the most beautiful and up-to-date ART MAGAZINE published.
It is complete in its survey of American Art in particular and the World's Art in general.
BEGIN AT ONCE TO TAKE
THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
Subscription, $3.50 per year.
35 cents per number.
Two Sample Back Numbers for 25 cents
For Sale by All Newsdealers.
THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
MARCH NUMBER contains
a fully illustrated article, descriptive and critical, by Charles H. Coffin, on the Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia.
Subscriptions, $3.50 per year, to
JOHN LANE, 67 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

For Sale.
BUZZARDS BAY—Inland and Shore— Buildings and furnishings positively perfect; open fires, Chilson furnace, bath. *Cheap* to settle estate. 110 North Street, Boston.

A Good Time to Read
WAR and PEACE
By Lyof N. Tolstoi, translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. Complete in two volumes, cloth, 12mo, per set.....$3.00
"The greatest historical novel of the nineteenth century."—Boston Transcript.
For sale by booksellers, or sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of price.
Send for circular of Tolstoi's Complete Works.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
426-428 West Broadway, New York

Handy Volume Classics
POCKET EDITION.
Used by schools and colleges everywhere. 131 vols. List price, 35c. per vol. (to schools, 25c.).
SEND FOR LIST.
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York

FORWARD By LINA BOEGLI.
A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. With Portraits. $2.00 net. Postpaid $2.13. *At all Booksellers.*

THE SPOILSMEN. By Elliot Flower.
Endorsed by Grover Cleveland.
L. C. PAGE & COMPANY, Pubs., Boston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every Thoughtful American

should read the paper on "THE MISSION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY," written by

President Roosevelt

and published in the March issue of **The Critic.** This article outlines what should, in the opinion of the President, be the policy of the Republican party if its maintenance in power is to secure material prosperity and national development.

The Critic can be secured at all news-stands, or direct from the publishers.

25 cents a number. $2.00 a year

Published for THE CRITIC COMPANY by G. P. Putnam's Sons

27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York City

Arnold Constable & Co.

Lyons Printed Satin Foulards.
Shangtung, Shanghai and Foulard Silks.

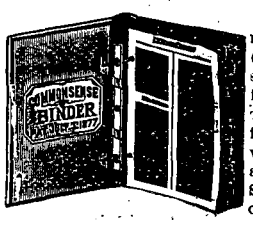
Rich Evening Silks, Crêpes, and Gazes.

White Silks and Satins
FOR
Wedding Gowns.
Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Velvets.

Broadway & 19th st.

New York.



To receive the current numbers in a convenient (temporary) form. Substantially made, bound in cloth, with THE NATION stamped on the side in gold. Holds about one volume. Papers easily and neatly adjusted. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

The Spring Announcement Number

OF

The Nation

will be issued this year on **March 10th.** In addition to the regular circulation about three thousand copies will be sent to booksellers of importance throughout the United States and Canada.

Copy for this issue should be in hand by **Tuesday, March 8th.**

For advertising rates and other information see first column of second page.

THE NATION

206 Broadway New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED